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OA

JULY 1923
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Izaak Walton League Monthly

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore to Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

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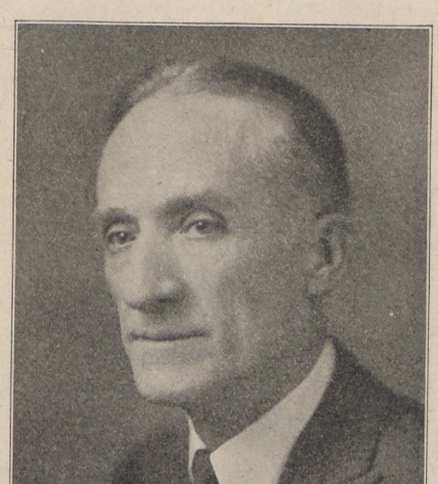
The Drainage Crime of a Century

is about to be Committed and You Can Stop It. Will You Do It?

By WILL H. DILG

THE Upper Mississippi bottoms are America's most prolific spawning grounds for black bass and for all warm water game and food fishes. From this section, during the low water season, millions upon millions of baby bass are annually saved by the Bureau of Fisheries rescue crews from the thousands of land locked ponds, lakes, sloughs, etc. **And** if this section were properly protected, billions upon billions of game and food fishes would be annually spawned in these bottoms. In truth, here mother nature has set down the greatest natural hatchery for game fishes in the whole world and it runs without cost to the States along the river or to the National Government. If this region were made into a National Preserve the Federal Government could annually supply billions of six inch baby black bass to stock our lakes and streams everywhere and heaven knows all of them need twenty times more stocking than they are now getting.



This region, **covering more than three hundred miles,** is no less important to the hunter than it is to the fisherman, because here the Supreme Creator of the Universe has made these river lands a paradise for wild water fowl of every species. Nowhere on this earth are there such natural feeding grounds for ducks, brant and geese. Here also are found every specie of our four-footed little animals, such as mink, muskrat, raccoon, skunk, squirrel, swamp rabbit, etc. And last but not least, every kind of song birds by the countless thousands. Veritably, these river lands offer you and your boy and posterity the greatest sport to be found on this planet.

This is true as things are **now**—even without decent law enforcement, but with the proper policing this region would be ten thousand times more fertile in fish and game than it is today. But it's going to GO—it's going to be destroyed—these river lands are going to be drained all the way from Lake Pepin, Minn., to Rock Island, Ill. And when these river b o t t o m s are once drained THEY ARE GONE FOREVER. God made them to be just what they are and if man is permitted to drain them they are GONE—just as much as a forest when put "under the ax" is GONE.

Terrible picture, isn't it? It's particularly terrible to me, and would be equally so to you too, if you had just returned as I have from a tour of investigation all through these beautiful river bottoms, and worst of all, my brother, is the fact that after they do their draining only worthless land is left—useless for farming purposes. I'm not guessing when I make the statement **"useless for farming purposes,"** because so says Dr. A. L. Bakke who has devoted a lifetime to the study of such subjects. This learned man knows what he's talking about. It is his profession, his business, to know all about plant life and farm lands. But how about the suckers who don't know, and give up their hard earned dollars for these bunk farm lands to be? But

(Continued on pages 600-601)

Defender of America's Out-of-Doors

Izaak Walton League Monthly

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A Day on Izaak Walton's Favorite Little River

By BRIG.-GENERAL LIONEL BANON, C. B.

Though we may speak a different fishing jargon there is a brotherhood among anglers which makes for good feeling between nations

SEPTEMBER, my favorite month, as trout and grayling usually rise well, had been so far a disappointment. The river had been too high and colored, and I had the previous week been driven back to London by a heavy flood. A telegram that the river was fishable brought me back on the 25th, but it was not till the 27th that I found the water clear and low enough to wade across above the junction of the Dove and Manifold without risk of shipping a cupful of water inside my wading stockings. My spirits rose with the beauty of the morning and surroundings and the thought that there were still four days to the end of the trout season.

The day was young and with no signs of fish moving. Like the cows, fish do not take kindly to daylight-saving, and I walked down the stream nearly to the old stone bridge before I saw a quiet rise on the far side under the alders. It was a long cast with a high bank behind me, and I lost a point and two flies before I put down the rising fish. Giving concise and cogent expression to my feelings I turned and met the sympathetic gaze of our river keeper, Oakden, who is endowed with the faculty of appearing suddenly and noiselessly from apparently nowhere, an excellent gift where poachers are concerned, but somewhat disconcerting to authorized fishermen with nerves highly strung.

Oakden had described to me previously the hole of a big trout but I had not been able to locate the place, so he offered to show me the spot. On our way down two or three fish were feeding on the glide below "Peg's Hole," the deepest spot in the river, so called from the tradition that one Peg had ended her life therein as the result of her love affairs going awry. Another and less romantic version of the tale is that Pegg was the surname of a talented drinker who, suffering from morbid depression after a drunken revel, met his end in the element he had shunned in his lifetime.

However, "to return to our muttons"—in this case, the rising fish. Needlefly being in the air I put a dark hacklewinged imitation on a 4 point, and crept down to the water. My first cast was short but the second put the fly in front of the nearest fish and he took it at once, showing by the silver gleam of his belly that he was a grayling. By the way he responded to the pressure of the rod he seemed at first no large fish, but suddenly he ran out fifteen yards in one rush and followed this by as gallant a fight as could be wished. When taken out of the net he proved a perfect picture of a thick, bright colored grayling of 11 lbs. 4 ozs.

The Writer Fishing the Dove.

Leaving the glide we worked downstream for some 200 yards before we saw a further movement, and when we did the fish was feeding under a thorn bush on the opposite side too far to be reached from the high bank. I stole quietly into the stream, though the water lapped within an inch of the top of my waders, and after a trial cast placed an olive near the fish. He refused this offer and the following, so I let the fly float

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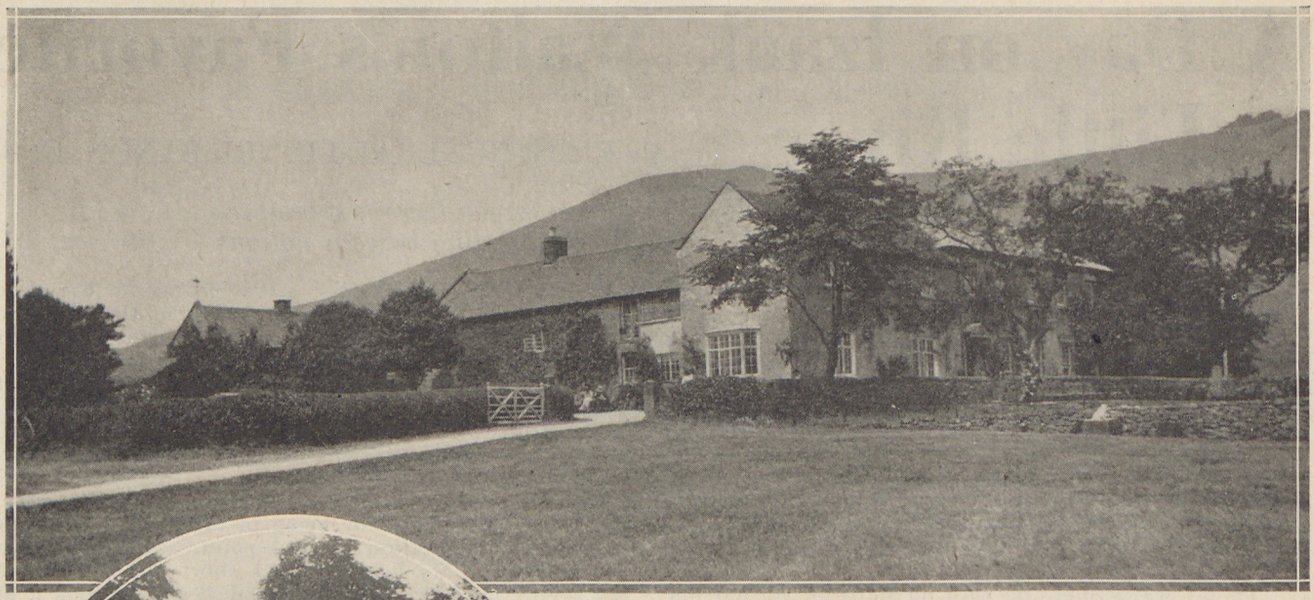


The Izaak Walton Hotel at Dovedale, England—Part of the Hotel was a Farmhouse in Walton's day.

The Dour Pool.

well below him. Just as it was being lifted from the water another fish snatched at it, and feeling the hook, darted in my direction, and before I could pull the hook home, shook free. After drying the fly and resting a minute I put it to the first fish again, who sucked it down, and tightening, I turned over a big grayling, who also severed his connection with me at once.

The next stretch of water ran through a wood with high banks and water too deep to wade and full of sunken rocks. Overhanging trees made a shade, a likely place to hold good fish but a pool that rarely fishes well, the trout being of a dour disposition. Oakden wished me to try for two good fish he had seen close to the near edge of the stream, which here is revetted with big stones, giving a foothold under the precipitous bank. Being anxious to get to a favorite stretch below I left this water till later.

Entering the big meadow below the wood the keeper pointed out the lair of the big trout, but Leviathan was not in residence at the time, and had he been, his home was selected with such care that it was barely possible to put a fly over him so hedged around was he with obstacles. If, by good fortune, these were surmounted, there would almost certainly be a drag to the most skillfully presented fly.

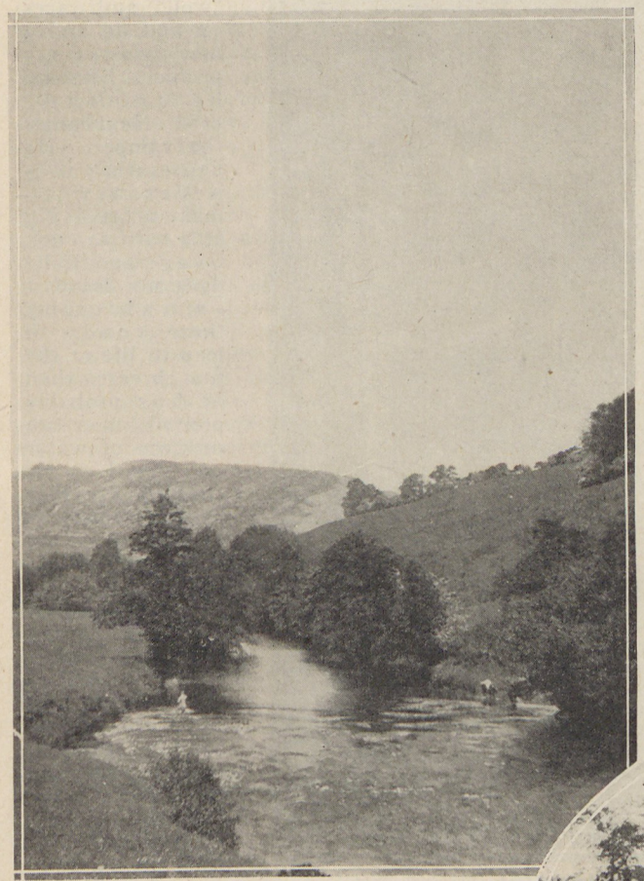
As the fish were not moving at my favorite glide, I accompanied the keeper to the wood at the end of the big meadow where we parted, he to patrol the lower three miles of water, while I took a seat under the wood placed there to give a view upstream of some fifty yards of good dryfly water. Today, despite a straggling rise of olives, the fish, glutted with food brought down by recent floods, rarely moved to the fly and over half an hour's watching resulted only in the capture and return of two undersized fish. As no better results attended a visit to two lower stretches, I turned upstream to the two pools below the Roughs. Both hold good trout and grayling but do not fish their best in high water. On the near side the banks rise steeply from 6 to 10 feet above the pools which are connected up by some 15 or 20 yards of shallow, rapid, and broken water. The lower pool yielded nothing, but, as it was difficult to see the fly on the water, a rise may well have been missed.

At the bottom of the upper pool there are two small gravelly backwaters separated by a shallow from the deep pool. These have a gently trickling stream of water 8 to 10 inches deep, with deeper pockets at the head, just the place where a good fish will harbor to avoid the strong and full river, and pick up any derelict flies or other food that find their way to this refuge. The lower backwater drew blank, but the upper sanctuary disclosed a suspicious break on the surface of the pocket. An exploratory fly was fastened on at once and the fish darted out into the head of the rapid and, despite the strength of the current, seemed to anchor himself in midstream. Curiously enough, weeds flourish in this strong stream, and when at length I coaxed the fish from his anchorage it was but to take me down to a weedbed. The weight of water was so strong when I waded out, that it was difficult to maintain a foodhold whilst I hand lined the fish from the weeds. Having got him out from this refuge, he darted down the rapids to the next, and each successive weedbed, and it was not until I worked him out of the fifth and last that I got the net under him just as the hook worked out. Objecting to the end, when tapped on the back of the head he ejected violently a 3-inch, partially digested fish, but he was, for his size, 12 inches, one of the strongest and best shaped trout I have ever taken in this water.

After changing the cast, which showed the rough usage in the weedbeds, the upper pool was fished up to its junction with the Roughs—the name given to sixty yards of rapid, rocky, and broken water, interspersed with rather quieter runs, yielding bold rising and good fighting fish. Here a large Tup replaced the lightly dressed olive as more likely to be seen on the dancing water by both angler and fish. Unfortunately the only two fish that snatched the Tup proved to be barely within the limit, and taken from the net gently with hands cooled by plunging in the water were unhooked with care and returned in the hope of meeting again.

Entering the Roughs is the glide which had shown no movement of fish when reached on the downward journey, though often fish rise here when other reaches show no signs of life. The glide is some 25 to 30

yards broad and a cast from the bank, at right angles or slightly up and across, if well delivered, will cover a rising fish without the drag which is so fatal to success. At the other side, however, where the water shallows to 2 or 3 inches and is overhung by willows it is most difficult to prevent a drag to such a cast, while the increasing rapidity of the glide as it approaches the Roughs makes an upstream cast without drag also difficult. There is one pothole in this shallow water at the far edge where lives, or rather lived, a fat and bold rising trout, an expert in the true and varying rate at which the natural fly should float towards, around, and above him, and scornful of my previous attempts to lure him from his fastness. So far I had not tempted him with aught but the dryfly, but today there is in



Below the Junction of the Dove and Manifold.

my damping box on 4x gut a tiny double hooked Summer Greenwell to be fished wet, tied by no less an expert than the author of "Minor Tactics" himself. Quickly replacing the Tup with this deception and casting it in the quick-flowing water of the Roughs to get it thoroughly sodden, I flicked it upstream with a slack line so that it dropped into the pothole where it sank at once. Before the slack line had time to straighten out and cause an unnatural drag, there came the hoped-for hump in the water and a quick turn of the wrist was followed by the responsive pull of a bewildered trout floundering over the shallow covered gravel into the deeper water above the glide. Two quick rushes followed by a leap from the water and the victim of "miching mallecho," "fat and scant of breath," is drawn into the net, which, half submerged, draws him through the water to land where he is given his quietus, duly admired, and joins the trout of the weedbeds whom he matches closely in size and shape though not of so bright a golden color.

The glide has been so disturbed that I wander further up the big meadow and occupy the seat placed opposite the weir which divides two of the best pools in the river. I realize that the luncheon hour is past and take out my sandwiches. While munching these, the eye scans both pools for rising fish. These are not long in appearing, the first within 6 inches of the weir, the other some 20 feet higher up at the edge of a weedbed. A cast from the seat covers the lower fish, a grayling, who comes up to the fly just as it is dragged away by the suction of the water over the edge of the weir. Further casts, after resting him, he does not condescend to notice, but the upstream fish is more responsive to the seduction of a Red Quill which has now replaced the Summer Greenwell, and a quick and lively trout of 11 inches soon wears out his strength and is added to the bag. Lunch finished, a matter of 3 or 4 minutes, there follows a dull period. The brightness of the morning has gone, and as so often happens, for 2 to 3 hours of the afternoon neither fish nor flies show any sign of life. In default of any movement the Red Quill is put over various places where fish have risen on other days, but with no result, and by 5 o'clock all likely water in the big meadow has been tried.

Arrived at the wood, the rain clouds are gathering and the light is not good and will be worse under the trees where Oakden marked down the two trout. I change the fly to a No. 0 Tup which should show up well against the black water. Clambering down the rough stone steps, I hug the high bank, fishing up carefully each yard, throwing the fly as close to the stones as my skill permits. About the tenth cast the Tup drops quietly within 3 inches of the stone revetment, floats down some 6 or 9 inches when a small bubble seems to appear from below and I pull quietly into a fish. A rush out into the rough water and sunken rock of midstream is followed by a run to the bottom of the pool where I follow, keeping as tight a line as I dare. This does not prevent the fish boring down to the rocks, and when I get abreast of him I find he has taken cover in some hiding place below. Here he is unresponsive to the pressure of the rod, some obstruction evidently intervening. Finally I wade out, and by means of poking with the handle of my net, I dislodge my friend from his refuge and quickly reversing the net soon have him kicking inside. He proves to be a thick fish of 13 inches, in grand condition despite the darkness of his color acquired from his sombre surroundings.

The Old Stone Bridge.

Cheered by this success in a usually disappointing reach, I fish up carefully hoping to get his elder brother in his dwelling near the head of the pool. To my surprise he was not only at home, but ready to meet my advances. The Tup was again taken quietly and I knew by the bold curve of the rod that I was into a heavier fish than the last. Though I kept as tight a line as I dared he bored down to the sunken rocks and played the same game as the last fish. What he did in his "hole among the rocks" I know not; I could not feel the fish but only a dead pull (Continued on page 624)

The Pines of Saranac in the Adirondacks.

Protect the Forests

By
ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

WHEN you read in the papers "Smoke Pall Covers Whole Northwest" or "Fire Raging on a Seventy Mile Front, Twenty Towns in Path" or "Two Thousand Men Now Fighting Flames," what does it mean to you? Can you possibly bring to your mind a picture of the situation as these scareheads present it to the eye? If you have not seen a forest fire, like a terrible, all-consuming demon rushing red-tongued through the land it is certain that the impression will not be the same as if you have seen it all spread out before your gaze—something so ghastly as to leave you without words to depict it. Men have tried to tell just what a forest fire is like. They have sought to bring all their powers to bear that the chronicle should be one of the greatest merit. But they have failed. It is quite impossible adequately to tell all there is to tell about a forest fire.

A season of drought is the greatest menace to the life of the standing forest. The leaf-mold or so-called "duff" dries out down to the very bed-rock if the forest be situated on a mountain side; but it does not matter where the forest is, the penetrating heat will lick up the moisture down deep enough so that a fire, once started in it, will make its way down three or more feet and destroy every vestige of life with which it comes in contact. Awful is the forest fire. In a few moments it will make ruin of a forest it has taken Nature fifty to one hundred years to grow. A fire racing through a spruce forest is something that is almost incredible. With a wind pushing it on, green trees towering on high become but matches, as inflammable as oil on splinters. And it is the forest "floor" that provides the start of that devastating demon. The dry "duff" or leaf mold and thick carpet of needles is the means toward the end.

Forest fires start in many ways. The greatest rascal unhung is the settler who is too lazy to clear his land but will set a fire and let the flames do the work for him. It usually does the work "well" and races on and on and a new forest fire problem has to be considered. Next comes the camper. He figures that it is necessary to make a fire as big as a barn to cook over, and if he does not leave it smouldering there, ready to leap to life at the first breeze, then he has probably poured but a can or two of water on it. Let us study a fire that has been made by a camper and which was thought to be "out" when it was left. Innocent and treacherous is the fire! All through the night that consuming element has been eating down deep to the bed-rock — three feet down and then on underneath. Two hours after the camper left his fire smoke comes up twenty feet away from the spot where the fire was made. Soon a hole is burned through. Next a wind fans it; a tongue of flame reaches up; the dry needles of the surface catch and the forest fire is a reality. Two tomato cans of water were poured on the ashes when it was left. Not twenty full waterpails would have put it out. When will campers learn to make their campfires on bare rocks or along a stream course where there is no danger of the fire eating down—**and underneath!**

You have of course heard of the smoker dropping matches in the leaves causing a fire. It is probable that a dead match flicked away will cause but one hundredth of one per cent of the forest fires. But it is the man who throws glowing cigars and burning cigarette stubs into the leaves and pine needles, and from the passing auto into the dry vegetation along the roadside that

(Continued on page 628)

It Is Important That YOU Read Cover Editorial

Canadian Salmon Rivers

By
F. GRAY GRISWOLD
Author of "Observations on a Salmon River."

OWING to great sporting traditions and wise laws, the salmon fishing in the rivers of Great Britain has been preserved, notwithstanding that some of the streams flow through populous districts. The river Wye, once a great salmon river, passed through a bad period from over-netting, but in late years has been resuscitated by wise laws and is today a fine salmon stream.

The rivers of France that flow into the North Sea as well as those that enter the Atlantic Ocean at one time harbored quantities of salmon, but the fish have been destroyed by over-netting as well as by the pollution of the rivers. It was the custom not only to over-net the estuaries of the rivers but also to net the river pools and to poach the fish when on the spawning beds. What did the greatest harm, however, was the taking of the smolts on their way to the sea.

These little fish on their first journey to the sea remain in the estuaries for a few days in order to become accustomed to the change from fresh to salt water, and the temptation to take them in quantities was too great to be resisted by the Frenchmen, who often sold them openly in the markets.

F. Gray Griswold with 43 lb. Grand Cascapedia Salmon.

A few salmon are still found in the Adour, Allier, Auluc, Authie, Aven, Bidassoa, Canche, Covesnon, Dordogne, Ellé, Elorn, Garonne, Gartempé, Gave d' Oloron, Gave de Pau, Loire, Meuse, Nivelle, Nive, Sienne, Sée, Sélune, Thorion and Vienne rivers.

There used to be salmon in the Seine, Marne and Oise, but the pollution of the rivers as well as the depredations of mankind have destroyed all the fish.

The taste for salmon fishing has greatly increased in France in late years. The anglers are buying up the nets and attempting to restock some of the rivers. It is to be hoped that they may succeed, not only on account of the sport, but also because from the Customs statistics it has been discovered that over $1,000,000 worth of salmon on ice is imported yearly.

There are a few rivers in Spain that rise in the Pyrenees and flow into the Atlantic which still contain salmon. The Anson and the Eo would be good salmon streams at the present time were it not for the netting of their pools.

It is well known that in the northerly rivers of our east coast salmon were at one time abundant but that the dams that were constructed prevented the fish from reaching their spawning beds and the saw-dust from the saw mills choked and destroyed the fish by wholesale. A few years of this treatment destroyed them all.

It is fortunate that the best salmon rivers in Canada run through wild and thinly populated country, yet it is with difficulty and at great expense that over-netting is prevented on many rivers, for the fishermen along the coast are ever ready to reap a harvest when the fish arrive in the early summer and their methods are often not strictly within the law.

The day is fast approaching when the salmon rivers in Canada, especially those that are not owned by individuals, will be in great danger. The wasteful destruction of the timber, the demand for water power, the damming of the rapid rivers for the purpose of producing electricity, the increase of the population and consequent pollution will all tend to destroy the fish.

Beyond controlling many of the nets by purchase or by lease, and having the rivers patrolled by guardians, little is done to improve the fishing by increasing the number of salmon in the Canadian rivers.

I believe that salmon netting and salmon angling can exist satisfactorily side by side; it is simply a question of wise regulation.

The future of a nation depends greatly upon the intelligent treatment of its rising generation. It is likewise with the salmon. If the parr and smolts are not cared for, the full grown salmon in a river will decrease in numbers.

What does the greatest harm in Canadian rivers is, to my mind, the superabundance of trout and sea trout.

The head guardian of the Grand Cascapedia goes up stream to the spawning beds every autumn to count the salmon. He tells me that this is possible for the reason that at about the time the majority of the salmon are ready to spawn, that they rise and lie on the surface, and that by climbing trees along the bank it is possible to count and estimate the number of fish that are in the river.

He says further that, although the trout assemble in great numbers when the salmon are spawning, he does not believe they do the damage that is supposed by eating the salmon eggs.

He claims that when the female fish deposits her spawn many of the eggs are light and immature and that these float down stream and are devoured by the shoals of trout that lie in wait but that they do not get the opportunity to eat many of the fertile eggs.

After the eggs are hatched and the little parr have to look for food, in fact until they descend the river as smolts bound for the sea, they are always at a disadvantage if there are many trout in the river.

A river can support only a definite number of young salmonidae, the number being determined by the amount of food available. Every trout must displace one or more salmon parr, for the food supply is limited.

The trout also devour the parr, especially in the spring when the trout descend from the lakes where they have wintered in a poor and voracious condition.

(Continued on page 628)

Pollution

Concerning the Protection of Fish, Fish Food and Inland Waters

Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL
Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

The Most Important Problem the I. W. L. A. Will Have to Solve

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry

WHILE the following article by Mr. J. L. Phillips, reprinted from the Southwestern Sportsman, Dallas, Texas, in regard to the decrease of game and fish in the United States is unfortunately too true, and the evil of the pollution of our public waters is not exaggerated, I think that a comparison of the fishing possibilities between the United States and foreign countries can only be made when all the facts have been submitted and duly considered. So far as England and America are concerned there is a vast difference in the area of the two countries, and our streams are as a thousand to one; in view of such evidence the above comparison seems scarcely tenable.

While our streams of the middle west and some of the eastern states are seriously contaminated by industrial waste and sewage, those of the Pacific slope and those of the Gulf and South Atlantic states are comparatively free from pollution, and the fishing is still very good. And then we have scores of fresh water game-fishes to half a dozen in Great Britain. In the latter part of the Victorian Age I visited Great Britain and the continent of Europe, and fished some of the famous streams of half a dozen countries, but none of them were equal to those of our own country for number, variety or gameness of the fish inhabiting them.

I am sorry to note from the sportsmen's journals of England that pollution of their beautiful and well-kept streams has become very general, pollution, not from industrial waste, but from the washings of the public roads that have been dressed with tar. This has become so serious a menace to fishing that a number of acts and bills to combat the evil are now before Parliament. It is sad to me to realize that the clear and quiet little rivers of England, flowing through the most charming and beautiful country in the world, and the home of my ancestors, are contaminated and defiled by such a deleterious agency that threatens to destroy their gamey denizens. On the whole the American angler can bless his stars, one for each state, that fishing is still good in many sections of our country.

Mr. Phillips' article follows:

Reprinted from the Cleveland Press, Thursday, June 7, 1923

MANY South-side residents, during the last three years, have stood on the banks of Brookside Park Lake and yearned for the chance to cast for the bass that were in the lake. But the city said "No Fishing." Now the good fishing that might have been indulged in there is gone. For the banks of the lake were lined with many dead fish Thursday. It is believed that pollution from decayed refuse killed them. The refuse, apparently, was left there by picnickers from time to time. The picture shows just a few of the dead fish. Economy!

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, our most distinguished man of letters, was recently quoted as saying in the Izaak Walton League Monthly: "I think our great and glorious Republic may learn something, if it will condescend to do so, from effete European lands like England, France, Germany and Norway, where it is easier to get a good day's fishing at the present time than it is in the United States."

This, despite the fact that in America anyone can fish anywhere, any time, at will, while in the foreign countries spoken of, the game preserves belong to individuals, and the person desiring to fish must get an invitation, or get a permit through the aid of an influential friend. But,

FOLLOWING is the data in regard to the steps taken by the Springfield, Ill., Chapter of the Izaak Walton League for the removal of the pollution of the old Sangamon.

Some few years ago the farmers along the Sangamon river met and laid plans for having the sewage removed from the river because of loss of stock and sickness to themselves and families. This project was later thrown aside because these farmers were unable to get sufficient support in Springfield proper to put the plan over.

Several months ago the Springfield Chapter of the Izaak Walton League was formed and its ideals broadcasted through the newspapers. The Sangamon County Farm Bureau again became active and called upon the Izaak Walton League and the Chamber of Commerce for action toward having the solids removed from Springfield sewage. A committee of nine was appointed, three from each of the aforesaid organizations, and they waited upon the City Council.

As a result of this meeting and the bringing home to the council the terrible conditions of the Sangamon, Mr. Willis Spaulding, commissioner in charge of the water works, moved that he be permitted to appropriate $6,000.00 from his fund for a preliminary survey of the sewage system of Springfield and the approximate cost of changing this system and installing sewage disposal plants. This motion carried unanimously and as a result within a comparatively short time a complete survey will be made of existing conditions.

It is practically assured that as soon as it is definitely known what it will cost to make these changes a bond issue will be voted by the council and submitted to the voters in order that Springfield may make a definite step to clean up her own doorstep. It is estimated that it will cost approximately one and a half millions of dollars to install these plants.

L. G. PEFFERLE,
Secretary Springfield Chapter I. W. L. A.

when you do get a chance to fish, you are assured of finding well stocked waters, whereas in this country, you may fish and fish and go home empty-handed—because the waters have been fished out.

We wouldn't want to so restrict fishing and hunting that these sports would be enjoyed by a select few. This would be un-American. But, as good Americans, we can't afford to continue ruthless slaughter to the end that there will be no fishing or hunting worth the effort. That would be worse than the system in vogue in Europe.

In the Eastern Hemisphere game conservation and propagation has been enforced for centuries. But their system, as indicated above, is far different from our own, and of a character that we wouldn't want to see adopted in this great democratic country of ours. There they have no tax, no license fees, no game wardens. The big estates care for their own game and fish by having a game keeper and a water bailiff to guard the property and guard its wild life. The outside and the poor man are barred. If you can't get an invitation, you can't hunt or fish. But, when you do get an invitation, you are assured of a good day.

In America we have tried to handle this question differently. We began by conceding that every man who was fond of hunting and fishing was a **sportsman.** The whole country was thrown open to him and his actions or rights were not questioned for many years; in fact not until our game and fish supply began to decrease very appreciably. Seeking the cause, it was found that a large per cent of the so-thought sportsmen were not sportsmen at all but **game butchers.**

Realizing this fact, a system of issuing a license to each hunter and fisherman was quickly adopted and game wardens appointed to see that the law was obeyed. State after State quickly adopted the license law and the use of the wardens, but the game and fish continued to decrease in quantity and quality. Then it was found the hand of commercialism had spread all over our land, and until a law prohibiting the sale and shipping of game was brought about by a Federal Act, thereby eliminating the market hunter, there seemed a little, if any, change for the better.

Today, our little remnant of game and fish is more exposed to the hand of the improvident, ruthless game butchers, than ever before, therefore something must be done and done quickly. A few years ago it was common talk, that there yet existed many places in America where both game and fish were in security because these spots were considered inaccessible. Since the advent of the automobile and the flying machine there are no inaccessible spots, nothing left today on this globe impossible to reach by the two mentioned machines. The automobile has proven one of the worst enemies to our game and fish.

In nearly every State in our Union the cry is heard today against Lake and Stream pollution to quote Dr. Henshall. "This is not all confined to our inland waters, but along our coast country where passing vessels are continually dumping deleterious matter into our coastal estuaries, poisoning our fish by the million. On our inland waters, the waste and offal from the pulp mills, beet sugar factories, canning factories, packing houses, and from sewage, our fishes are fast disappearing and our public waters are even dangerous to human life." Something **must** be done, and done quickly else even the very seed will be destroyed.

Today, the great fight is as much needed as ever, and the sportsmen of the whole country must arise and act in unison in this vast crusade against such commercialism and slaughter.

Politics and Game Protection

"THE slogan, "Keep Game Protection Out of Politics," is gaining in force every year, but the millennium has not yet arrived.

At least two of the leading game commissioners of the country have failed of reappointment this year for political reasons and a third is under fire for doing his duty. In one instance an element, whose business interests ran foul of game protection, was successful in ousting an able commissioner. In another instance a political governor dropped a man who has not only done more for the game and sportsmen of his state than had ever before been accomplished but who had also made a national name as a conservationist—to put in his position a man who says that game protection is a farce and who has announced that he will fill up the ponds at the state fish hatchery and grow alfalfa on them.

Such things do not easily happen in states where there are organizations of sportsmen vigorously officered. In this country we get about the kind of government we ask for. It is up to the sportsmen to see that politicians do not run their affairs."

The political prostitution alluded to in the above clipping was fully as bad thirty years ago according to my own experience. At that time I was President of the Ohio State Fish and Game Commission. One of my duties was to appoint county game and fish wardens, which I did to the best of my ability, and in accordance with the plan to appoint the best men available. The Governor, Hon. James E. Campbell, and I were Democrats. He informed me one day that he was receiving complaints from all over the state that I was appointing Republicans as county wardens.

(Cont'd on page 621)

AN EX-POLLUTER ON THE STYX

Moaned this shade: "There's some Mistake—
Handing me the 'Firey Lake.'
Why, all on earth I did was spoil the fishin'"

Old man Sharon grunted: "Nix!
Don't you foul the River Styx.
Even we're ag'in pollution, in Perdition."

E. E. L.

The Colonel

By

E. F. VAN DUSEN

Illustration by Frank Stick

MEMORIES: The corner stone in the temple of the outdoor game, the breeding place of the spring fever microbe (feh-or-di-u-kus) and last, but not least, a panacea for the long winter evenings. After the daily paper, you take a long pull on your pipe, sit back from the open fire, snuggle your slipperless feet deeply into the hair on the chest of your favorite setter, and let your thoughts slip slowly back, crossing the portal into nature's playground where memory's scroll is silently spread before you.

This time a famous trout pool in the woods of Maine is the first picture. A real fisherman's paradise where you can get an argument on the weight of your rod, the length and taper of your line, the kind and size of your flies or anything in the broad field of ichthyology. Here's where you will also meet the Colonel and join all the others, fishermen, guides and lumberjacks in worshiping at his shrine. You'll find him a strange, crusty sort of a codger. Well set up, handsome. You will say a good head with a firm set jaw. He enjoys life and seems to get the most out of it. And, although the most of his days have been spent around a fishing resort, he has no use for a fisherman and does not hesitate to let you know it. With this against him, we still admire him and forgive to a man, his crustiness and ill temper.

What! You'd like to meet him? All right. Jump into the back end of that boat and sit in the stern; a few strokes of the oars will put us about where we should be. Here we are. Now, stand up and look back. Do you see that sunken grey boulder about two feet under water, directly back of us, say twenty feet? Yes?

Well, sit down again. I'm going to put you right over that rock.

Oh! don't worry, I'll not let you get into the rapids.

There now, move slowly and look over the right hand side of the boat, close up beside the rock. Take it easy.

See anything? Hey?

Ah! I thought so! Makes you look wild, doesn't it?

Well, that's the Colonel!

A whale! you say! You've said it, son.

No. He won't weigh as much as that, but I'll bet he will tip the scales five pounds or more. Some of the boys say seven. You'd like to hook into him? Well, you've got plenty of company. Still so far, he has proven that he is amply able to care for himself. I've known him to be hooked and hooked good four times, but the fact that he is still here "open for business" proves what I said before.

When hooked he slowly works over into the slick water, at the head of the run, and just as you are wondering what his next move will be, he whirls and shoots into the boiling, tumbling waters that terminate in the lower pool. What's the result? The lower pool is fully 225 feet from where you hook him, and, as you haven't probably over 40 yards of line on your reel you and the Colonel have parted company before he has had half a chance to show you his hand. Some of us now carry 200 feet of silk backing back of our casting line and we are all anxious to get it wet. Oh! he's been here for five years or more.

Yes; the same fish. Can tell him by these two white scars in front of his dorsal fin. Looks as if a mink had hold of him in his younger days or he may have been caught in a log jam.

He arrives in the pool from the lake about the 15th of each September, and when the season closes, he's still here.

Nope! You're wrong. He'll never be taken from this pool.

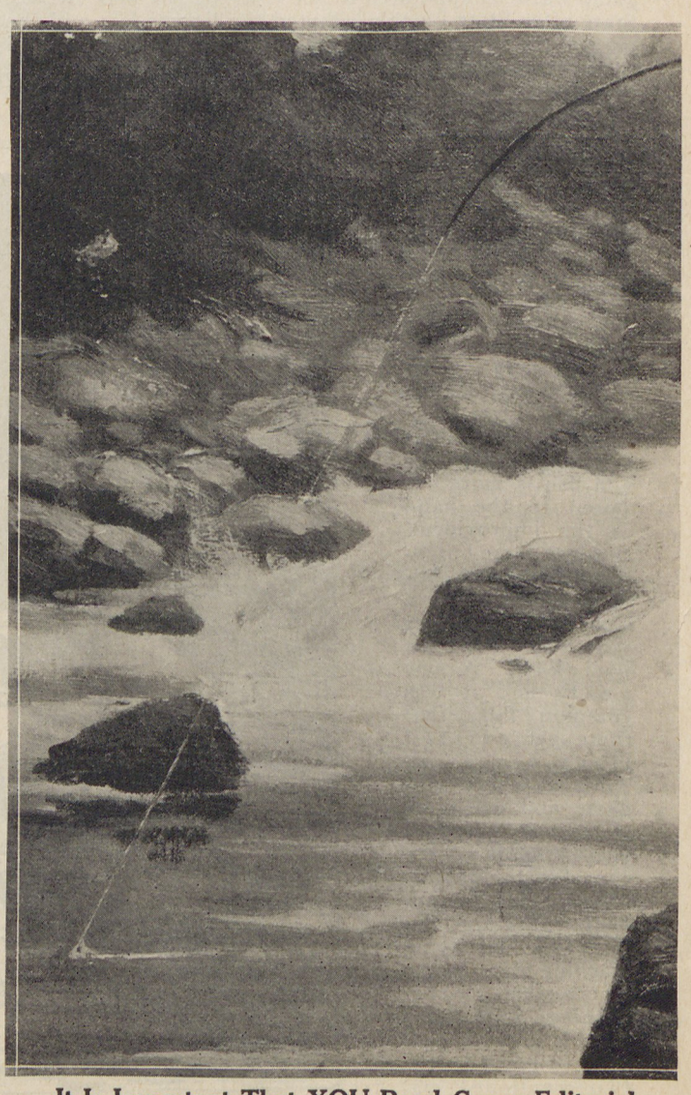
Well, I'll tell you why as soon as I get you back to the landing.

Here we are.

Now make yourself comfortable, for it's a long sad story.

Let me see. Yes, it was on September 20th two years ago up here, there dawned one of the finest mornings it has ever been my pleasure to enjoy. Bright as a new dollar, cool, crisp and invigorating. The kind of a day you enjoy, even if you don't get any fish. And sure enough fishing was poor on that day. The pool was free of boats.

Now, as dry fly fishing was fast being taken up by many of the regulars, it struck me that this would be a very favorable time for a little practice. So down to the pool I go and push out into position, anchoring well below the split boulder, at the head of the rapids. I had given the Colonel only a passing thought as I went over his "camping grounds." This was not his style of fishing, at least he had never shown any inclination to rise to a floater. My object was to reach some smaller trout that were always to be found about 20 feet to the right and well above, the boulder position.



It Is Important That YOU Read Cover Editorial

I made several casts, and each time thinking I was doing very nicely, but for some reason the trout had other notions. I changed to a larger fly, a No. 8, one of an odd lot of floaters, sent to me by mistake that year. The fly had the coloring of a Reuben wood. The wings were well set up and the body heavily hackled.

It settled on the water like a feather from a wounded mallard. I was admiring its beauty, snap and cockiness, when a nose appeared, the fly disappeared. I struck and was fast into a fish. There was no fuss or excitement. Whatever I had hold of took it very quietly. Slowly my line ran out towards the head of the pool. That part was deliberately looked over, then the fish began to gradually drop back towards me. He got opposite the boulder, swung in towards it and stopped.

What?

No, I won't believe it! No such luck.

Besides I have on a floater.

Now he moved across the bow of my boat into the current and dropped back, back on my right, until he was directly opposite, in about two feet of water not over ten feet away.

I'll be d—— if it isn't the Colonel!

He looked me over carefully, moved to another angle and took another look. He made a quick circle, opened and shut his mouth once or twice, then turned like a flash and disappeared into the foam and turmoil at the head of the rapids.

My line melted from my reel like a snowball in Hades. So over the side of the boat I went, first tucking my landing net under my arm, and started wading along the edge of the rapids to the lower pool. When I reached there, I took a position on a large flat stone, that was about two feet under water on the edge of a deep eddy.

Now was the connection still good?

I lifted my rod slowly. Yes, the Colonel was still with me. He showed his surprise and displeasure by quickly circling the pool.

The battle was on in earnest. He fought to keep in the current and I fought back to keep him fighting. He was a game old warrior, I can tell you, and well worthy of his title.

It must have been fully three-quarters of an hour before his strength began to show signs of weakness. I could now lead him about as I wished. The old fellow made one last effort and ran to the foot of the pool, but it was too much for him; he soon came to the surface and turned over.

Now was the time. I reeled in shortly, led him around up stream and slowly lifted him. Making ready to net him as he passed.

No, by George! Just out of reach! I took in more line until my leader touched the tip of my rod.

Now, Colonel, up you come. That's the boy!

Just a little further. Just a little more.

Gone! GONE!

Do you hear me, brother?

He got away!

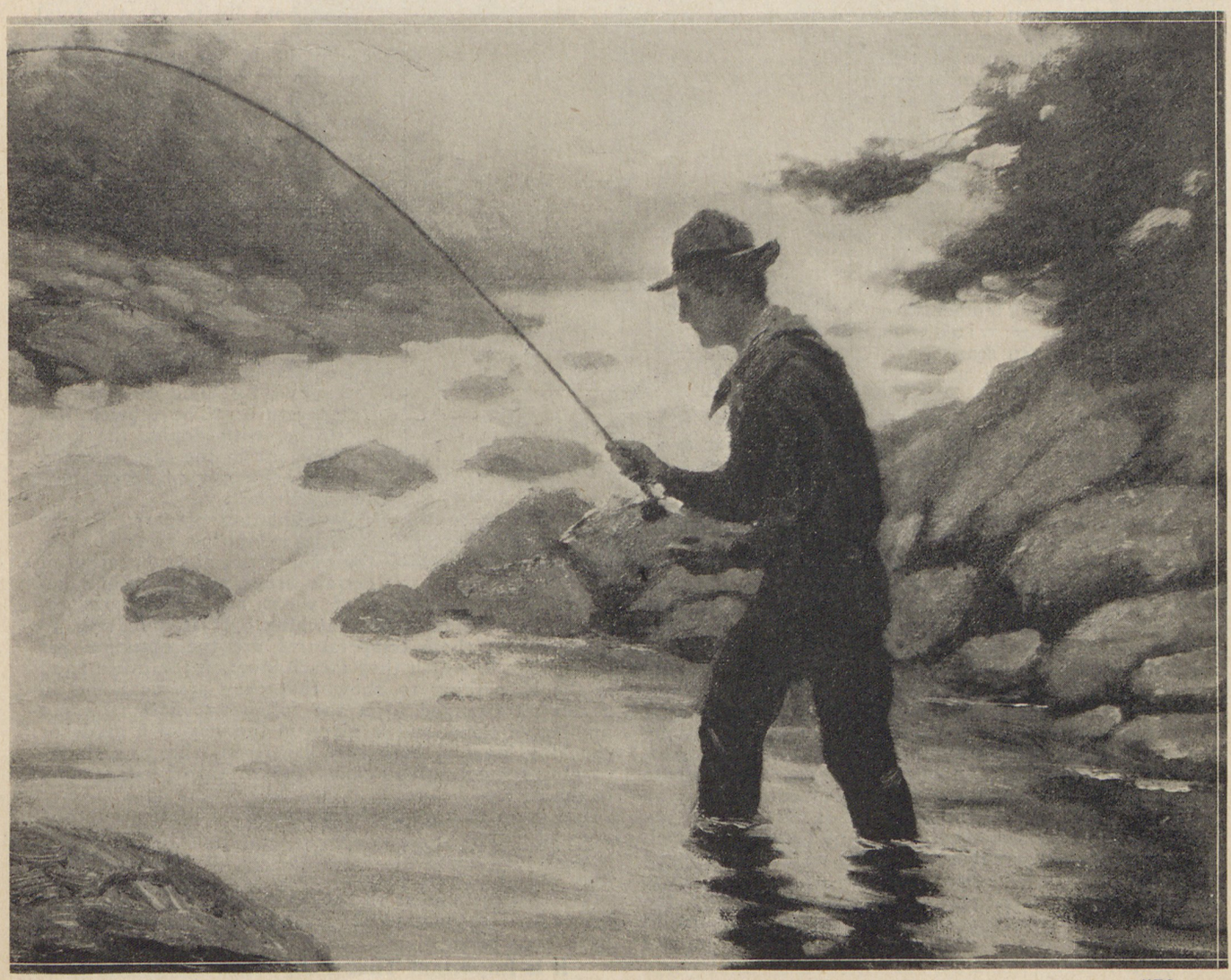
My stomach dropped on my knees. My lower jaw on my chest. The lights went out.

When I came to I was still in the position of a man trying to net a fish. But my rod was straight, and my flies were swinging in the cool September breeze.

It took me a minute or two to collect my thoughts. I returned to the boat, went into the landing, and up to camp.

Mrs. Van asked, "Why so jolly?"

(Continued on page 628)



Zane Grey's Sea Angling Page

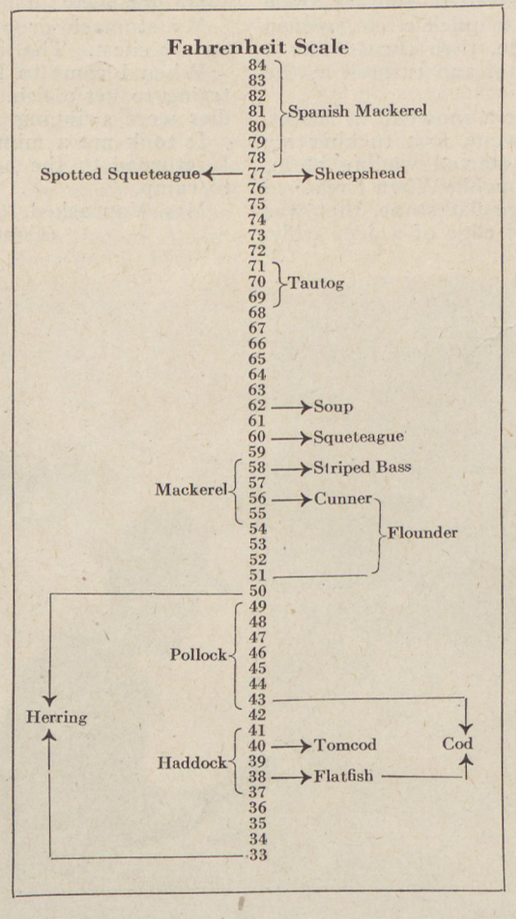
Water Temperatures and Fish

By SWITCH REEL

Interesting and Valuable Data to Be Collected by Surf Angling Clubs

AT the 1920 meeting of the Association of Surf Angling Clubs a committee was formed to co-operate with the Bureau of Fisheries in the collection of scale samples from the larger specimens of the fishes taken by members of the clubs, particularly of the drums, to aid the Bureau in its study of their life histories.

In addition to the above, a form has been prepared upon which is to be entered records exhibiting species, quantities, weights and dates for all fish taken, these to be tied to water temperatures and meteorological conditions prevailing at the time of capture. From this tabulation it is proposed to prepare graphic charts which shall disclose, as clearly and succinctly as possible, the correlation of many recognizable conditions affecting fishing.



Water temperature records, properly presented, will afford much enlightenment to the angler as well as to the fish producer, for the influence of this factor upon the movements of migratory fish is undoubted, and it is one which is agitating the angler's mind as never before. The three great problems confronting living organisms are food, shelter and protection against the elements. Marine life possessing powers of locomotion finds its solution of all three with little doubt, by following its preferred temperature as that temperature winds its way about the seven seas. Such movement of the fish may be termed "migration."

The point now is to discover, by observation, the preferred temperature for as many species as possible.

It is strongly felt that there is a direct connection between the surface temperature of the sea in the rough triangle whose northern base lies along the latitude of Cape Cod, whose apex lies about forty miles east of Cape Hatteras, where the Gulf Stream lies close to the coast and whose sides correspond to the coast line on the west and the Gulf Stream on the east, and the seasonal climate of the land areas lying contiguous to the triangle. Since the area of the sea is three times greater than the land surface of our earth, it is not unreasonable to assume that 75% of the world's weather is manufactured at sea, and it cannot be doubted that sea influences predominate along the coast and to a considerable extent inland.

Consequently, when the latitude of New York experiences such mild winters as that of 1920-21 and such warm springs and summers as those of 1921, which by the way, seem to have been experienced over the entire northern hemisphere, it may be that we should look to the sea water for the cause, or at least as being a link in the chain of causes. The triangle referred to conforms to a portion of the sea floor termed in Oceanography the continental shelf, or those areas of the sea lying within the 100 fathom curve. Inside this curve the continental shelf is swept by a flow of water which is markedly colder than the Gulf Stream and moves in a contrary direction. Authorities differ as to its source, some regarding it as the discharge from the Gulf of St. Lawrence augmented by water from rivers entering the sea further south, while others appear to recognize it as Labrador Current water from the polar regions. But both find it colder than the Gulf Stream and less saline.

The finny visitors to the Cape Cod-Hatteras bight may be roughly classed as warm water seekers and cold water seekers, each species showing a preference for a range of temperature covering a varying number of degrees, some ranges distinct from others, with still others impinging at both limits. As the total range of water temperature in the bight is not much over 45 degrees F. throughout the year, and as a large number of species come and go, and as they range from surface to sea floor, it will be appreciated that temperature range is a complicated problem with many angles.

To give a sheer layman's words somewhat of an authoritative basis in this connection, the following carefully considered expression is lifted from the Bulletin of the Bureau of Fisheries, Biological Survey of Woods Hole and Vicinity, under the subhead of The Influence of Temperature: "The temperature factor is, with doubt, the controlling one in the case of many species belonging to several different phyla."

A tabulation prepared by the Bureau exhibiting results obtained in artificial propagation of certain fishes, records in one column, the temperatures of water at which those results were obtained in hatching. It is not safe to assume that these temperatures are the optimum for the species to which they attach, nor, on the other hand is there anything to show that they are not; but in somewhat changed form the following chart covers a number of them, and is given in the way of a guide or checking list for those surf fishermen who may be recording temperatures against the arrival of fish feeding in the surf.

Let it go as a guess for purposes of illustration, and nothing more.

It is probable that had the artificial propagation of blue fish, kingfish, channel bass, croakers, and several other species familiar to the New Jersey surf fisherman been possible, the gaps which appear on the chart would have been filled.

(Continued on page 631)

It Is Important That YOU Read Cover Editorial

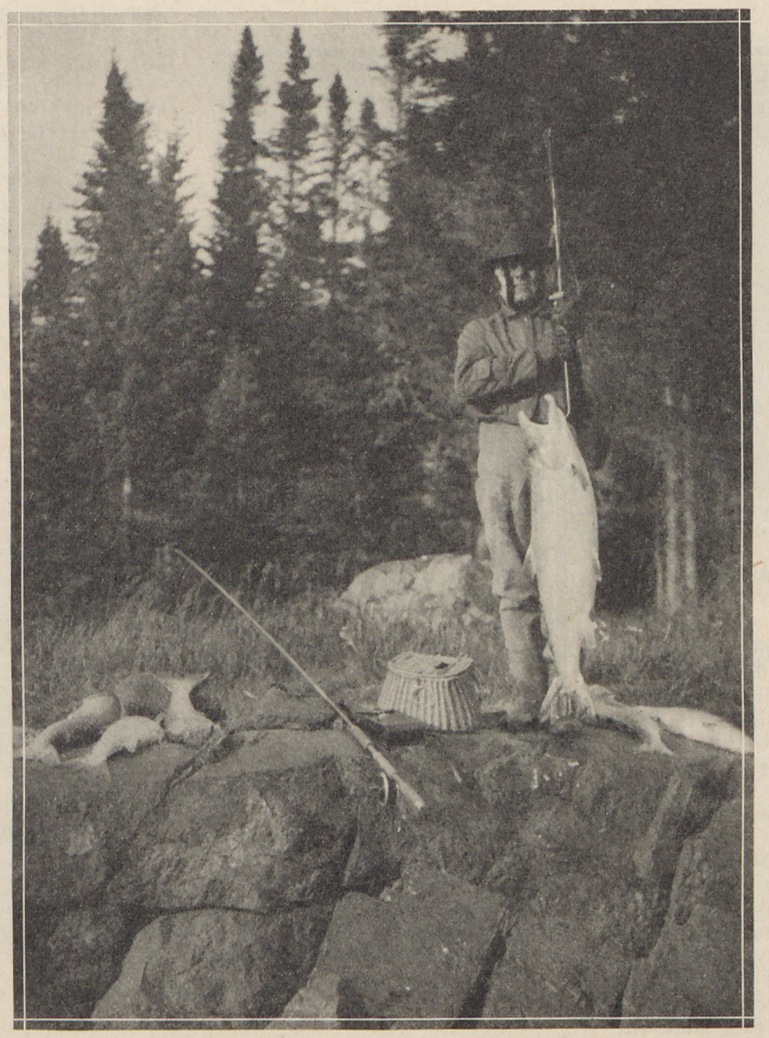
Labrador Salmon on the Dry Fly

By DR. HALFORD J. MORLAN

Dr. Morlan, well known lecturer, explorer, sportsman, traveller and author, is well qualified to initiate anglers into this new method of salmon fishing, as to the best of Dr. Morlan's knowledge he was the first to take salmon on the dry fly. For six years he was the all-round American champion fly and bait caster (A. A. U.) and he has held eleven world's records. His illustrated lectures on Newfoundland and the Labrador have delighted thousands of hearers, including many a gathering of Izaak Walton League members.

THE fishing which attracts many tourists to Newfoundland seldom lures them to Labrador. Additional costs, poor steamer service, including infrequent sailings, total absence of hotels, almost total lack of knowledge of the region and its streams, and distance from lines of communication, all tend to keep the anglers away. But to the enterprising spirit who braves these hardships and discouragements to seek for the right stream — of which there are many —manifold will be his reward.

Narrow escapes and bothersome experiences could be avoided if one were to visit Labrador in his own yacht, or a boat of some sort that could get through the "tickles" and bays, and over the bars of this rock bound coast. It would be feasible for a small party of friends to charter a yawl, preferably equipped with auxiliary power; one that would do anywhere from six to twelve knots; and, with local pilots, usually readily obtainable at a reasonable tariff, enjoy the days here with constant delight and increasing interest. Such an arrangement would permit the prerogative of travel by day only; seeing all of the coast line with its marvelous and picturesque views; stopping at will; lunching ashore; and fishing, or hunting, whatever fancy and the instincts of sportsmanship dictate—providing the laws and propinquity of game permit—and always having the comforts and protection of their boat at night. This is the best way to "do" Labrador. I fared well by taking passage on seven mail boats, one private yacht, and several small boats with power and sail, chartered from local fishermen.



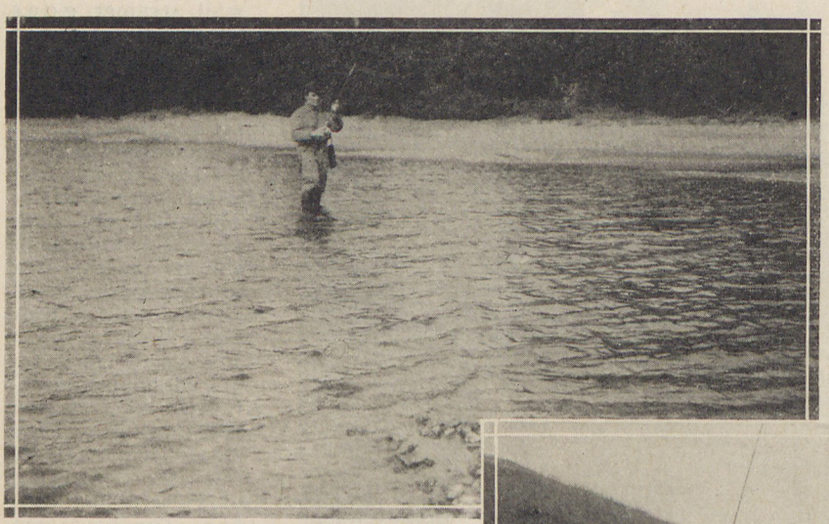
The author's form of affidavit (the creel was for the flies).

No passenger or mail steamer goes beyond Nain, but one goes that far once in July and again in August, and two go as far as Hopedale, which is about an hundred miles south of Nain. The others ply along the Newfoundland shores, and this is a journey of no mean significance as readers will agree when I state that it required approximately two thousand miles of travel for me to circumnavigate this island, because of its irregular outline. The boats are not inviting, the owners do not cater to foreign travel, and, consequently, have indifferent respect for tourists, as a rule. They furnish equipment which is meager, with few accommodations and no luxuries. There is not even comfort to be had on board, the cuisine is singular and lacks variety. The decks are clogged with barrels, casks and boxes of all descriptions, even the gangway is blocked; and, as one would suspect from the conditions of filth, the boats are vermin infested and evil smelling. The one redeeming feature about these mail ships is the friendliness of the genial officers, who apologize and do everything they can for one—which is nothing—but their pleasant manners help to keep the traveler in decent spirits. Not liquid spirits, however, for it is all prohibition "down north" in Newfoundland and Labrador.

Salmon fishing had long presented an especially fascinating interest for me, mostly, I opine, because the authors with whom I am familiar invariably made it peremptorily a wet fly sport. And that statement, without conclusive proof of its accuracy, challenged my analytical disposition to a scientific and methodical investigation. I love to fish with a wet fly of course, but

to me it seems but natural to prefer the dry fly where practicable, for the same reason that I prefer the pork-chunk to the strip. And with the additional advantage to this surface lure that it permits of the greatest delicacy and skill known to a scientific angler.

To even anticipate taking this veritable tiger of the stream on a dry fly and to imagine with what force he would smash a floating lure of fortunate selection, as he swept on up into the sunlight in his mad rush for food, or display of antagonism, was more than sufficient incentive for further determination to know this fellow personally. To meet and conquer him in his rugged and hazardous environment; enveloped with the redolency of the alluring north woods and with all of the fascinating potentialities of this stupendous northern wilderness. It gave us such a thrill of wonder and satisfaction as only a real angler—he of the dry fly persuasion—can fully appreciate.



Dr. Morlan playing a big one in shallow water.

It had long been my personal opinion that all writers I had read on the subject were wrong, either through taking the word of some one who didn't know, or were not themselves scientific or painstaking enough, in reaching the conclusion that the dry fly, in salmon fishing, was valueless. All writers, so far as I know, speak encouragingly of wet fly fishing ONLY, when treating of salmon, and to me that seemed neither plausible nor tenable. We know that certain species of salmon will refuse any type of fly regardless of the method of presentation, and that excites no more curiosity in my mind than does the fact that one man is a vegetarian and his brother delights in flesh foods. He simply does not take meat of any kind. The reason and the diet is his own, and that is quite sufficient so far as I am concerned. So if a species of salmon takes no fly of any kind or under any condition, but will accept a spinner or spoon, that is such a commonplace that it has innumerable parallel. But why, I wondered, should a fish that would greedily attack a fly swirling, or drifting slightly under the water, refuse and ignore that same specimen if properly presented on the surface? It was not my temperament to accept as fact such a statement, unproven. I thought then, as I believe now, some writer in early ages before dry flies were known, had made such a statement and all later writers had accepted that advice without attempting to prove it incorrect. And I can understand why they and many thousands more, who probably have tried to land salmon with the dry fly, readily accepted the statement as a fact after a short, or even a day's trial, if they met with the same discouragement that greeted my efforts for three full and consecutive days of fruitless endeavor. But three days of effort no more proves a failure than the robin's arrival proves a pleasant summer. So it was but natural; and, for me fortunate, that I could,—when I was invited to visit Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell—with whose praiseworthy work in his northern missions I am sure you are all familiar—and Sir Alexander Harris, Governor of Newfoundland, make my experiments in the wonderful waters of those delectable streams of Newfoundland and Labrador. Many of these streams are not fished for years at a time, then a lone angler will appear, or perhaps two, in a single season. Larger fish are, as a rule, to be caught in Newfoundland than in Labrador. But personally, I much prefer to take many seven to ten pounders on a five-ounce rod, to two or three twelve to thirty pounders on a grilse rod. July and August are the best months and this is fortunate for the foreign angler for, owing to the ice, one cannot get as far north as Labrador until late June or July.

When I first arrived in July, there had been little rain, the streams were low, and the fish seemed listless and tired easily. A few minutes of swift and furious fighting would bring them to gaff. But after it had rained a few days, and the streams rose several feet and filled with water that seeped through the rocks and moss, the salmon became greatly invigorated and so scrappy that instead of jumping two or three times, they would come again and again above water with magnificent leaps until eight or ten of these spectacular efforts wore them out, and to a point where fifteen minutes more would bring them to gaff.

Near Deer Lake in the Humbermouth, Newfoundland, with an 18 pounder.

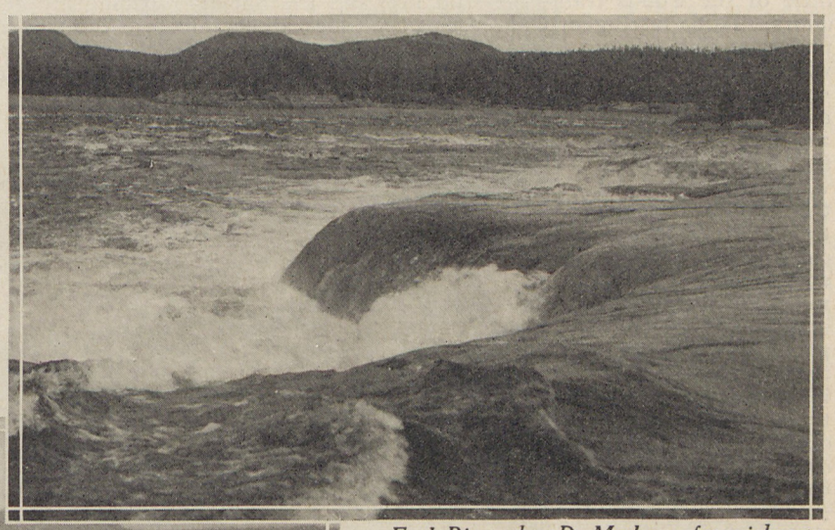
My first efforts on the Newfoundland streams had been a keen disappointment, but now, in mid-July of 1921, I was destined to establish to my own satisfaction and prove to all anglers, who were interested, that it was a fallacy to judge the dry fly impotent as a salmon lure. My outfit was a marvel to Dr. Grenfell and Gov. Harris, and an enigma to the natives. It resembled a fully stocked tackle store. I was to be hundreds of miles from the source of supplies that I might require to complete my experiments and must of necessity provide for any contingency. This was to be more than play, it was a one man scientific expedition; an exploration into the field (and stream) of angling facts—not fancies. My armamentarium was therefore complete in every detail. Rods, reels, lines, leaders, and flies of almost every pattern and size were collected in abundance. I found it hard to secure many sizes and patterns of

the true salmon flies tied on a single hook, for most of them were supplied with double hook. But after visiting our splendid Chicago stores whose stock of such materials is all but inexhaustible and stopping in Montreal to supplement my local purchases, and again in St. Johns, to add even more, I was not lacking in proper equipment. From clothing to flies my requirements were supplied and I have never regretted the outlay, nor will any other angler who ever goes with ample equipment for the big opportunity. Of the salmon flies, I made constant and prolific use of such patterns as: Jock Scott, Durham Ranger, Fairie, Silver Doctor, Black Doctor, Butcher, Thunder and Lightning, Dusty Miller, Black Dose, Mitchell, Zoom Booty, and Silver Gray. No experienced angler should ask, "which is the best fly." Many, many, things determine and many waters and conditions modify "fisherman's luck," to such an extent that what is at one time a splendid fly, may in the same water and under apparently the same condition, or with different handling, be worthless a few minutes later; I had these salmon flies in sizes from eight to triple O, and literally hundreds of trout flies of all sizes, both dry and wet. And thus provided for, I spent the entire salmon season in this gratifying field, to my great enjoyment and had the puissant satisfaction of proving incorrect a theory that, like many other published "facts," which had only been taken for granted, or assumed true, because so reported.

One generally does not bother with trout up here, save as a source of food supply. No effort was required to get as many seventeen-inch brook trout as was needed for meals at any time during the right season, August, usually the best. The Labrador brook trout are as plentiful as our own Fontanalis,—this being his natural habitat—and take the flies in the same way and taste about the same. I fancied they were not quite so delicate in flavor, though probably a little firmer in this cold water. But the feature which astonished me was that not one of them broke water when hooked. All of the other wonderful stunts of the trout were familiar to one who has fished for these denizens of our domestic streams, but in Labrador they would not come above the surface and one could tell instantly whether it was a trout or a salmon which had hit one's fly.

The salmon—and it is with him that we are concerned in this account—if properly and securely hooked, immediately takes the air. And he is not bashful about it, leaping two, six or eight feet out of the water. He will plunge deep and then splash upward again and to the appreciative eye of an eager angler, no more fascinating nor graceful sight could register upon the human retina than a fresh run Atlantic salmon leaping into the air from the spray and foam and displaying his shapely, glistening body in its radiant opalescence against the sun. No rainbow ever equaled in beauty the colorful artistic splendor of this gamest of fish, and no mind ever essayed such grouping of gold, silver, opal, pearl and amethyst as that shown clear and brilliant on the vibrant sides of a freshly landed salmon. And when you observe and experience this picture as I have on so many occasions, you will not wonder at my enthusiasm.

Perhaps the salmon is not so quick and discerning as the wily trout, but he is larger, stronger and gamer, and with rocks and boulders to tie up on, gravel to aid him in removing the hook as he sulks and bores for freedom at the bottom of the pool, and the swift white water and inaccessible barriers of many sorts to protect him, he will soon prove to be a free agent if played by a novice in the angling art. I am assuming the tackle to be light and not unduly strong and that the fish is given a fair deal in every particular. In this way, a salmon of five to forty pounds can furnish the most exciting, exhilarating, and charming sport—for the man who likes it—that my imagination can picture again, providing the angler plays the game with light tackle and a single hook. I would as soon buy my fish and end the quest fairly as to use too heavy tackle, double hooks and leaders and unduly strong lines. This is on a par with "pot shooting" a covey of unsuspecting and defenseless quail. Sportsmen, who do that, destroy for themselves the opportunity for the very thrill for which other sportsmen spend thousands of dollars and travel weeks.



Eagle River, where Dr. Morlan, so far as is known, took the first Salmon on a dry fly ever taken in the world.

Dr. Morlan and guides—"the morning of—". Mealy Mountains in the distance.

My first few days on the Labrador streams were more fortunate than the Newfoundland experience, as attempted on the northern peninsula, but were a total failure for the dry fly. However, determination stimulated perseverance, as common sense seemed to engender determination, which proved for me a successful form of perpetual motion—both in mind and body—so I kept on "a-keepin'-on." And the fourth day of constant and diversified effort on the Eagle River, in Labrador, brought to gaff my first fish on a dry fly. Allah had been kind to me! I used the dry fly not only upstream, but downstream and across current in selected waters.

(Continued on page 616)

About Our Forests

By A. R. VORYS

Deplorable facts proving that the end of our timber supply is in sight. WE MUST REFOREST.

TO consider our forests from an economic standpoint may seem at first thought to those whose business interests are not concerned with lumber and the kindred wood products, to be a colorless proceeding. But there is enough that is vital in the current problem of forest conservation to command interest and support for the movement, whatever the nature of one's business, and whether he know much or little of the woods trails, the wild life, and the out-of-doors. To be intelligently abreast of the times a general understanding of our forest inventory and the rate at which these materials are being grown, utilized, and destroyed is necessary, as there is an alarming lack of balance in this connection, with a very general trend toward depletion and the accompanying economic evils. Although it is well known that our great nation comprises vast agricultural areas (including many fertile tracts still undeveloped) capable of producing plentiful crops for this and the coming generations, there are few who have a well-grounded conception of the extent and adequacy of our forest lands.

Where the author learns "about our forests."

Forestry does not compete with lands for agriculture, but aims to utilize only those areas that are not suited for the raising of farm crops. Among the more important reasons for specifying a forest instead of a farm classification are inferior soil, topography, too much or too little precipitation, short growing season,—and other reasons of a more special nature. We have a great wealth of well-distributed forest area on conservative estimates capable of producing a growth of timber sufficient for our expanding needs, IF THOSE AREAS WERE UTILIZED. But in the face of an alarming diminution of our supply of standing timber very little is being done in this direction regardless of the fact that from 50 to 150 years, and longer, are required to grow saw timber to sizes suitable to our needs.

If we are to avoid the restrictions to progress and development that other countries have experienced due to a profligate forest policy it is essential that we anticipate our forest needs well into the future and bestir ourselves to concerted action in regard to our supply. With the history of European countries to warn us and their experiences in forestry practices to guide us our problem is simpler than theirs was, and the results which we may attain seem to hinge on how soon and how intensely we take hold of the problem.

It is only three centuries ago that the first handful of our venturesome ancestry took up permanent abode on this continent. They encountered magnificent virginal forests so continuous and so extensive that they thought them to be inexhaustible, even though they knew little of the extent of the country beyond a narrow and not lengthy strip of the Atlantic seaboard. As the years passed and the country was gradually developing westward the pioneers encountered other forests equally vast or even more extensive, which challenged man's right to the land, even to the very end of the journey on the shores of the Pacific. To these hardy people pushing westward the forests were a thing to overcome, as some of the land which they occupied was needed for farming. With the axe and fire these trail blazers carried on their conquest of the forests which stubbornly resisted their making new ground. Theirs was the pioneer's task of "opening up" the country, overcoming it, and forcing it to yield to the will of man. Small matter to them, although none the less regrettable, if fine large trees, including the highly prized black walnut, were cut and burned, for the land was put to a better usage under the plow and the nation was enriched by the change. There were unnecessary wastes, of course, in the early developments, but if we consider the circumstances under which they occurred we should indeed hesitate to be critical in this connection, particularly in view of the fact that such wastage was trivial as compared with what has taken place since we began to harvest our forest lands solely for the product with no regard to the future productivity of the areas denuded.

The really deplorable part of our forest history is that, today, when the echo of the good advice "Go West" is still ringing in our ears, we awaken to the fact that our forests were not inexhaustible, however great they once were; that the end of our timber supply is definitely in sight, and that we will never again as a nation have the plentiful supplies of fine cheap timber to use and waste that we have had in the past.

The history of the lumber industry in the United States has been written in a monotonous succession of chapters, each a similar story of sectional depletion and migration to other virginal stands that awaited the axe. From a modest beginning these operations gained momentum, accelerated themselves sharply, and finally developed into a mad rush to secure and cut off the choicer species. After the peak was reached culling operations mulled over the same areas until the species which had escaped at first by virtue of their inferiority came into the market. Then clear cutting of good and inferior species alike developed, leaving behind a tangled slashing through which the inevitable fire, denuding the land of every vestige of growth and burning the very life from the soil, completed the chapter with a monotony of charred waste.

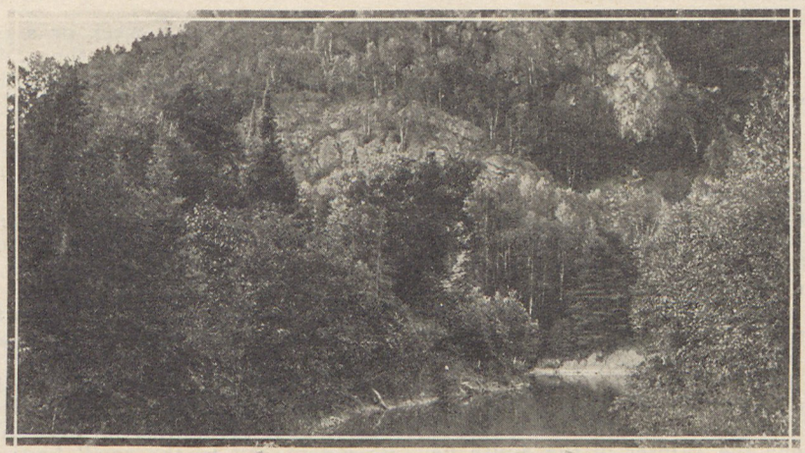
A fair conception of how generally and how thoroughly the different regions were exploited can only be obtained by looking back at some of the high spots of the regional history of the industry.

In 1620 New England was a virgin forest, with the exception of a few small areas, but only five per cent of this virginal area remained in 1920! Over half of

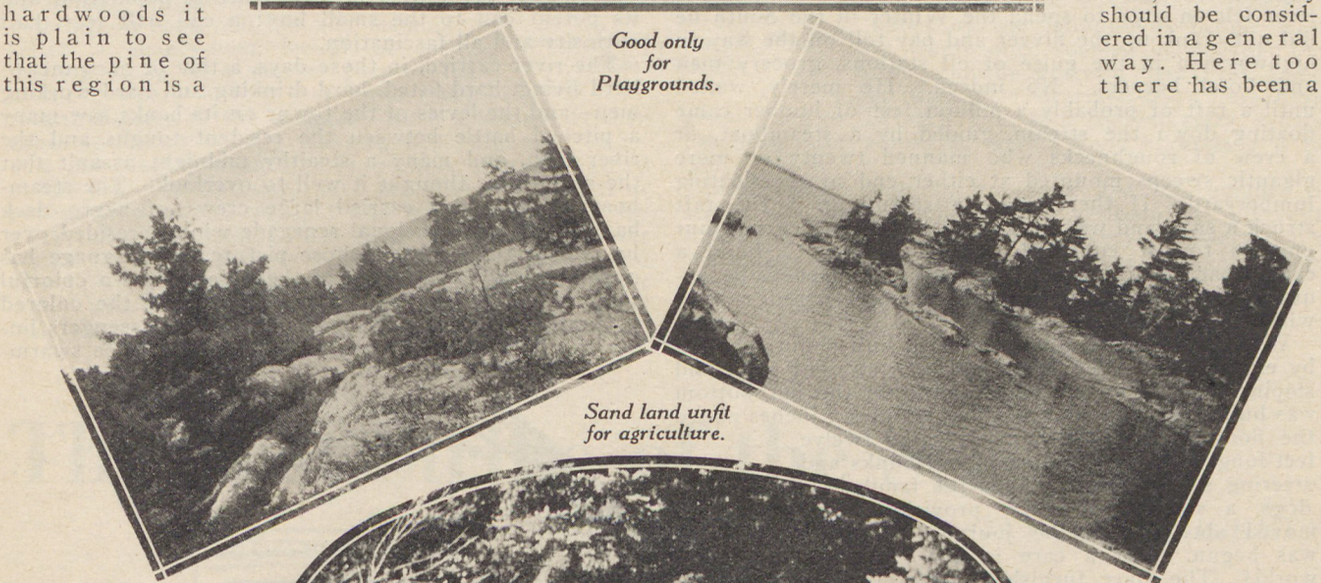
It Is Important That YOU Read Cover Editorial

the present forest lands of this section now boast of nothing better than fuel wood, and a considerable part of this portion is entirely unproductive. Looking still further into the situation, the poor condition of the forests of this region is obvious when we discover that three-fourths of the saw timber and pulp wood of the region is located in the forests of Maine.

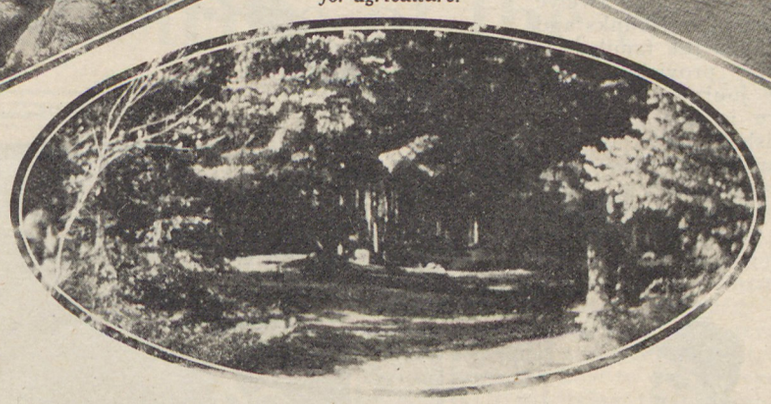
In the Lake States the exploitation of the finest of timber, white pine, has been most sensational. Starting with a single saw mill in 1832 the output rose to a maximum cut in 1892 and fell rapidly to an insignificant production in 1918. Here the present forest area is little more than half of the original and only about seventeen per cent of that remaining is virgin timber. As more than a third of the present stand of timber of the Lake States is hardwoods it is plain to see that the pine of this region is a thing of the past. Stands of hemlock, an inferior species, are as eagerly sought today as were the great virgin stands of white pine of yesterday, although twenty years ago hemlock was considered a weed tree and without value. Deserted towns, dreary sand plains, and charred tangles mark where the great forests were plundered.



Good only for Playgrounds.



Sand land unfit for agriculture.



Views of lands not suitable for farming but ideal for forestation.

Then came the "development" of the Southern Pineries. Starting in the early seventies the operations increased to a probable maximum output in 1909.

This product in turn even more completely dominated the markets than did the white pine of the Lake States. Less than twenty per cent of the original virginal stand remains and in another ten years the production of this area promises to exceed by little if at all the needs of the South.

Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain timber has been finding its way in increasing quantities into the Middle Western and Eastern markets since 1894. Even now it dominates the markets of the Lake States and has found its way into the markets of the South itself. A great start has already been made in this region, the last chapter in the history of our virgin softwood or coniferous forests. Sixty-one per cent of our total remaining supply of saw timber is in this region and it is from here alone that we can expect an increasing cut, although there are already some local depletions here. This remaining western supply occupies about twice the extent of the present forested area of the Lake States, and although the western stands yield much more timber to the acre, with the history of the Lake States fresh in mind it is plain that general depletion in this last great forest region may be expected before many years have passed.

The hardwoods have played a part, too, and they should be considered in a general way. Here too there has been a depletion and migration of production centers, although the general boundaries have been less distinct. The only remaining reserve is in the southern Mississippi valley, but it is doubtful whether future production will exceed the present output, at least to be maintained for any number of years. There are still hardwood cuttings of considerable size in the southern Appalachians but the end of that supply is definitely in sight.

In the United States we have less than fifty-seven per cent of our original forest area remaining, and less than a third of the present forest area is virgin. Our saw timber is being cut, and destroyed by fire and insects, about five and one-half times as fast as such materials are growing, and if we disregard any net increment from our present stands they will last at the present rate about forty years, according to government data. But we are rich in forest lands. Estimating conservatively,

(Continued on page 622)

Shanty Boating on the Old River

By ROYDEN E. TULL

Illustration by Percy Couse

NO stream in any country has a more stirring and romantic history than the noble Mississippi. For eleven months of each year it flows calmly and beneficently through the garden spot of the world: then, rising in its majesty, its floods spread terror and destruction throughout a thousand miles. Its story is the history of the middle West with its tragedies, its romances and its unbounded successes. The "Father of Waters" was for many years the only highway for numerous towns and countless settlers. My own recollections go back to the early eighties and memory paints a colorful picture indeed on the canvases of the past. Many an hour have I sat as a boy, with bated breath, at the feet of an old river-rat and listened in open-eyed wonder to the tales of adventure more exciting than any printed story.

The shanty-boat was the accepted vehicle in those days, and if one who lived on or near the bank of the river felt an urge to spend the Winter in the South he did not crank up the flivver and pay toll on the way to highwaymen in the guise of oil stations, grocery men and hotel keepers. No indeed. He merely waited until a raft of probably a million feet of lumber came floating down the stream, guided by a steamboat, or a crew of roughnecks who manned twenty or more gigantic sweeps mounted at either end of the floating lumberyard. If there came a storm, or if the raft struck a snag and was broken up, as often occurred, our embryo tourist collected enough lumber to build a cabin-boat at his leisure. If neither happened, he acquired the material necessary in a more hazardous way when night came.

When the lumber was secured, a hull about ten feet by eighteen feet, two feet deep, with straight sides and sloping sharply up at either end from the flat bottom was built. A cabin floor was laid about six inches above the floor of the hull, a cabin some twelve feet long was built amid-ships and bunks and steering sweeps made. Then the family, the dogs, a stove and a few provisions were moved aboard, and the journey was begun. Not a care in the world! The river furnished not only the motive power but an inexhaustible supply of fish and game as well. The surplus, together with the furs, could be disposed of at any of the larger towns to supply what little money was needed. If worse came to worst, there was always employment to be had in the lumber mills for a day or a week or a month. Time was no object. No incentive, in those days, to hustle about trying to save a few minutes on this job to waste them on another, equally futile.

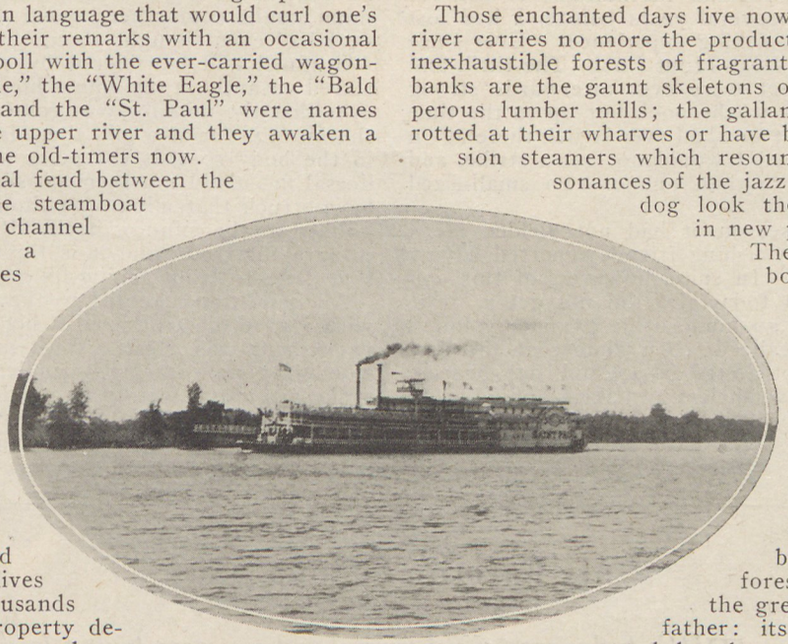
What a motley throng it was, carried on the broad bosom of the mighty river:—rafts containing a million feet of logs or lumber, palatial steamers (Dickens did not allow the adjective palatial, but all comparisons must allow for conditions of time and place), trippers, thieves, traders—their floating homes their places of business as well—illicit grog-shops, river pirates, women of the oldest profession, pioneers seeking better homes and just plain wanderers: all afloat, on their way to the gulf, in any thing from a leaky patched-up hovel to a large, luxurious home of two, and sometimes even four, rooms and having occasionally a large sail to assist in navigation. Every city and nearly every village had its shanty-boat town with its ever-shifting population and its potent call to the small boy; a call half fear, half curiosity and all fascination.

The river carried, in those days, a tide of hard men—hard living, hard fisted, hard drinking and hard working men—and the levies of the towns on its banks saw many a pitched battle between the resident toughs and the river men, and many a stealthy midnight assault that the authorities thought it well to overlook. The steamboats of that day carried large crews of negro deck hands, with an occasional renegade white, presided over by two or three mates whose picturesque language has never been equaled. One of these boats was a colorful sight at night, its decks ablaze with light, the colored orchestra playing on the promenade, the passengers lining the rails and the searchlight illumined levee swarm-

"Many an hour have I sat as a boy, with bated breath—"

ing with negroes—grotesque gnomes under boxes and bales of merchandise: the mates in strategic positions directing the activities in language that would curl one's hair, and emphasizing their remarks with an occasional thump on some curly poll with the ever-carried wagon-spoke. The "War Eagle," the "White Eagle," the "Bald Eagle," the "Quincy" and the "St. Paul" were names to conjure with on the upper river and they awaken a flood of memories in the old-timers now.

There was a perpetual feud between the shanty-boaters and the steamboat men. The navigable channel of the Mississippi is a wandering, sometimes narrow, and always treacherous and changing stream within a stream. The pilot of one of the great, fast steamers (one smiles at the word fast now when it represents five or ten miles per hour) was a specialist, an expert and an autocrat, with the lives of many people and thousands of dollars' worth of property depending on hand and eye and memory. Often a shanty-boat would be lazily drifting along in a narrow part of the channel where a few feet either way meant disaster to the steamer. Such a tumult as then arose of roaring whistle, clanging bells, and shouted insult and counter insult (the pilots were almost as gifted as the mates in that way) until the danger was past: or perhaps the humble voyager was run down. Then for a few miles the placid, golden-brown surface of the river would be strewn with wreckage and miles away, and days, perhaps weeks later some lonely island or bar would afford unknown and unmarked sepulchres to the last, unrecognizable remains of the unfortunate wanderers. An occasional fatal rifle duel between pilot and river-rat resulted from these encounters.



Picture of the Steamer "St. Paul" taken in the '90s

Those enchanted days live now only in memory. The river carries no more the product of the then seemingly inexhaustible forests of fragrant white pine; along its banks are the gaunt skeletons of the once busy, prosperous lumber mills; the gallant argosies have either rotted at their wharves or have been turned into excursion steamers which resound nightly to the dissonances of the jazz band, wearing a hang-dog look the while, though brave in new paint and bright lights. The venturesome shanty-boater—except for an occasional old timer—has gone to his reward or has fallen prey to the modern spirit of unrest.

The very river seems old and bent and tired as an old man is bent and worn. The trees which once lined its banks in illimitable forests have fallen as have the greying locks of a grandfather: its waters are contaminated by the millions of people who live where once roamed in freedom the bison and the graceful deer; the game fish that once swarmed its waters have given place to the carp, and, as a last indignity, a dam has been flung across its mighty flood harnessing it to daily toil.

Shorn of its dignity, its glory, and its romance it serves now as a boundary line between the different states and as a catch-basin for innumerable sewers, while the ghosts of the river-rats and the once haughty pilots haunt its reaches.

Shades of Mark Twain!

How are the mighty fallen!

The Last Strike of the Season

By JAMES T. PRICKETT

FROM the close of one trout season to the beginning of the next is a long wait; and then how bad it is if right at the start, when probably you are spending the opening day along your favorite stream, old man Bad Luck comes along and takes up with you and becomes your constant companion. Do what you may you cannot get rid of him. With his long-drawn face and dejected looks he is ever by your side, pointing with infinite scorn and disgust at your empty creel.

Such was my case the last season. Try as I might it seemed almost impossible for me to catch trout. There were some days when I would not get a strike, and other days when I got strikes but could scarcely catch a fish. One day in particular, fishing with a fly, I caught only two trout out of a total of ten strikes, and this was one of my best days, too. Of course, old man Bad Luck was the cause of it all. I was always conscious of his presence, and into nearly every pool I peered I could see his disconsolate visage staring back at me, and sometimes, I must confess, it had a wonderful likeness to my own.

In the meantime, my friends were catching fish. One of them—fat and squatty—caught a sixteen-inch trout, and he was proud of the achievement; and another—lean and hungry looking as Cassius—caught an eighteen-inch trout, and he was prouder still of his achievement. These were the largest trout so far caught that season, and when I was with the fat man he could scarcely talk about anything else but his sixteen-inch trout, and when I was with the lean man, why, then, he could scarcely talk about anything else but his eighteen-inch trout. But worse still, while chanting their own praises they took evident delight in reducing me to a nonentity so far as fishing was concerned. They said I was a back number, an old fogy who never caught a trout except accidentally, and that I ought to get a ten-year-old boy to teach me how to catch suckers.

As if justifying their opinion of my fishing ability, there came toward the close of the season my most disastrous day. I had fished all morning with a fly without catching a trout, while my companion had several nice ones to his credit. As usual about noon I changed the fly for a minnow, and almost at the first cast hooked a fine trout, but was so confident of landing it that in spite of its continual leaping out of the water, I held a tight line and began to reel it in. When I had it within a few feet of the bank it made a final leap, tore loose from the hook, and was gone. This was a great disappointment, as I could see it was much larger than any my companion had in his creel, and for that reason would more than balance scores with him.

After having lunch that day, my companion and I decided to try our luck in the near-by pools, and then retrace our steps and fish back upstream. About a quarter of a mile downstream, on the far side of a wide

meadow, against the rocky base of a steep ridge, there was a pool that had a peculiar fascination for me, for there on a certain day several years before, I had lost the biggest trout of my fishing experiences. Ever since then I had called it the Lost Trout Pool. The thrill and excitement of that event were ever afterwards strong enough to pull me back to the pool, but up to the time of which I write no big trout had ever struck there again for me, very often indeed I would not get a strike, and at best never took more than one or two small-sized trout at a time from it.

As for the present season, it had not yielded me a single strike, and all my fishing friends reported having the same kind of luck. In spite, however, of this discouraging record I felt today if I did not get a strike there I would have to go home fishless, and my hopes seemed about to be realized when almost at the first cast into the pool I got a strike,—a timid, half-hearted strike it is true, but nevertheless a strike,—but failed to hook the trout, and with all my coaxing it would not strike a second time.

With the failure of this single strike went a-glimmering all hope of catching a trout that day, for to fish back upstream over water that had produced no strike in the morning, held out no flattering prospects to a defeated fisherman eager to retrieve a whole season of bad luck. However, just round the bend upstream in a meadow, were two pools still to be fished, but I put no faith in them, for in all the years I had fished them I had taken only two or three trout out of the lower pool, while never having had so much as a strike in the upper one.

And yet there was no better looking trout water in the stream. A strong and rapid current ploughed a turbulent furrow down the center of the stream. Extending from the bank, a series of ledges intercepted and checked this flow of water at two points, thus forming in midstream two pools, one above the other, "beloved of the trout" you would have said on beholding them, and then on trying them out your disappointment, no doubt, would have been as great as mine often had been—that pools so alluring could be so deceiving.

And so today when I stood on the high bank above the lower of the two pools and looked down upon its fascinating waters, I hesitated whether to fish it or not, as it seemed a mere waste of time to do so. But only for a moment I hesitated; the charms of the pool were too strong for me; trout or no trout I would let my hook float down through it a time or two for luck's sake if nothing more. And so, for luck's sake, I made my way down the steep bank to a point where a narrow ledge, thrusting a sharp edge finlike above the surface, reached out to the main current a few feet above the pool. After a slow and cautious advance along this slippery ledge, I finally gained an insecure footing at the far end, and dropped my hook into the swift water at my feet. The stream was in a swollen condition, a little bit off color, and the current, stronger than I had ever known it, rushed by with force sufficient to sweep me downstream if I should lose my footing, which I was likely to do at any moment. Seemingly my minnow had scarcely touched the water, when fifteen feet below me, at the verge of the pool, there suddenly came a swirl in the water, a crack like the report of a pistol, and a strike of a trout that tore the minnow from the hook. It was all done in a flash, in the twinkling of an eye, before my mind could comprehend what was really taking place or I had even thought about setting the hook.

Stunned and bewildered by such a savage attack, I stared vacantly at my empty hook, scarcely believing my eyes that the minnow was gone. With the hook put in the mouth, out at a gill, then drawn down and inserted in the body so that the point appeared just above the dorsal fin, it did not seem possible that any trout could have struck that minnow without becoming as securely hooked as the minnow itself. But there is no sure bait or lure for trout, and it is this element of uncertainty that gives to trout fishing its greatest charm.

All indications pointed to the fact that I was dealing with a wise old trout and a big one, and of course my excitement was great. With my heart in my mouth, wondering and fearing,—wondering whether he would strike again and fearing he would not,—I made my way back to the bank, and after securing another minnow, returned to my former position at the end of the ledge, above the raging torrent. For a moment I paused to steady my nerves and calm my throbbing heart, and then sent my hook adrift on the current. The moment was tense and my anxiety was great. Would he or would he not strike again? The answer came quickly and suddenly in another savage strike down in the depths of the pool, in the very vortex of a miniature whirlpool. I was prepared for him this time, but an incipient thrill was turned into disgust when my strike, struck with so much confidence, produced no other result than a slackened line, which, when reeled in, showed a tattered minnow dangling from the hook. The old trout was still master of the situation.

But I was not entirely bereft of hope; there was a chance he would strike again. So back to the bank I went after another minnow, and when I stood again on my precarious perch in midstream, for a third time sent my hook adrift on the waters. Evidently the old trout was waiting for it, for the minnow had scarcely reached the pool when with a determined strike he seized it and drew it down deep beneath the surface. Believing I had lost him the last time by striking prematurely, I waited a little longer this time, and then struck. For a moment I felt the strain on the line and the weight of the trout, evidently one of the largest in the stream, as he darted forward and the line began to cut circles in the water.

For the time being I was the best feeling man in the state. I had at last outwitted the wily old trout, and there was nothing left for me to do but play him to a finish. I cast my eye over the pool, which, on account of my unstable position in midstream, the swift water and the ledges and boulders, presented serious difficulties for playing a fish,—to determine what course to pursue when he should make a break for liberty, which I momentarily expected him to do.

But he seemed to be in no hurry about making a spectacular display of his prowess as he swept round the pool in a leisurely sort of way. Round and round he went for a minute or more, till finally, partly to stir him into action, but more especially to satisfy my curiosity as to his size, I drew a tight rein, felt his weight again

My Favorite Fishing Story

THE Judge was a fisherman and we were trying to make him into an angler. One day he hooked a small bass and began to reel him in as quickly as possible. "Play him, play him, let him play," we shouted. The Judge proceeded to reel harder and faster than ever, retorting, "If he wants to play, let him play on the bank."

R. C. CLEMONS
Treas. Izaak Walton Chapter
Chattanooga, Tenn.

"All indications pointed that I was dealing with a wise old trout."

for an instant, then up-popped the minnow and down into the depths of despair went my heart. I was never so taken aback in my life as at that moment. I would not have been a bit surprised if the old trout had stuck his nose out of the water and laughed his derision in my face.

The reason why I lost him this time was plain enough. He had not been hooked as I had supposed, but simply was carrying the minnow in his mouth, and when I drew too tight a line he gave it up.

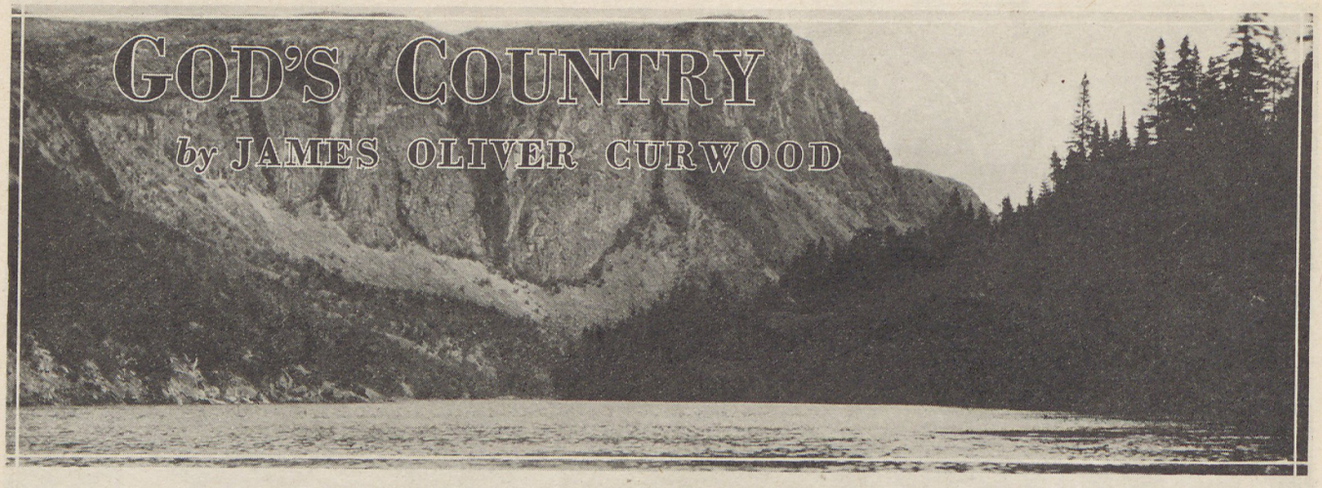
All I asked of the old trout now was to give me one more chance, just one more chance I begged him and I would show him what I would do for him; and one more chance he gave me by striking for the fourth time, after I had gone to the bank and presented him with a fresh minnow. I had him hooked slightly this time, but while I was tightening the line he gave a slight jerk, and then the world and all its glory slipped away from me—the fish was gone. As he had felt the point of the hook there was not the remotest chance of his striking again. But in a case of this kind hope dies hard, and so it took half an hour more of steady fishing to convince me that I was a beaten man, and then the shadow of old man Bad Luck fell athwart the stream, destroying the last vestige of hope in my heart.

Having now lost confidence in my ability to catch fish,—a most deplorable condition for a fisherman to get into,—I despairingly turned my back on the pool and went to the one just above it. Here was another current running black and strong, and ending in a smooth expanse of water,—a pool, as stated above, in which I never had had a strike. I followed the backbone of a ledge out to the current, and was greatly surprised, while my minnow was still in the rapids above the pool, to see a large trout leap out of the water. I had felt no strike, but knew it to be a self-hooked trout, and then I did a very foolish thing, which plainly showed the demoralized condition of my mind, I struck while the trout was still in the air when it would have been far better not to have struck at all. That strike was my undoing. The trout fell back into the water, the reel gave forth a little spiteful whine, and then stopped, and I reeled in an empty hook.

The loss of this trout added greatly to my discomfiture. I had not been equal to my opportunities. I had had strikes from four distinct trout that day, I had had four chances at a big trout, and just now another one had condescendingly placed itself on my hook, and yet in spite of all this I stood there fishless, a beaten and discredited fisherman, with the taunts and boastings of the fat man and the lean man ringing, figuratively speaking, in my ears. Moreover, the season was drawing to a close, and what a disagreeable lot of memories had I accumulated to brood over until another season opened! No wonder I felt like throwing my tackle into the stream and never fishing again!

As a mockery of luck, on my way back upstream that afternoon I caught a ten-inch trout, a fitting climax to the worst day I ever spent along a stream.

(Continued on page 620)



GOD'S COUNTRY

by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

The End of the Trail to Happiness

WHENEVER I think of the commonest of human arguments: "But this other life you speak of has only instinct. It cannot talk; it cannot reason, and therefore it is impossible for it to have a soul," my mind always travels back to a certain incident in my experience as a refutation. I could, had I the space, answer that argument with a hundred compelling facts; I might answer it from the point of the flower, the vine, the tree, the grass that carpets the earth, but I always think first of the particular tragedy I am going to describe, because of the chief human actor in it, and because this actor was, in my humble estimation, one of the most physically perfect of her species.

I will not give her name. She is the daughter of one of the best known men in the nation, and one of the foremost scientists of the world; and should she happen to read these lines, I hope that she will see, with a new vision and a new understanding, that "triumph" of years ago.

I think she was about twenty when my outfit happened to join trails with her father's in the far north. She will remember that early afternoon when we camped together close to the Cochrane, in the Reindeer Lake country.

I believe that I am quite reasonably sure of myself when I say that she was the most beautiful woman I had seen up to that time or have seen since. It is simply because of her perfection that she has always appealed as having furnished to me one of the most dramatic object-lessons of my experience. She was athrill with life. She worshiped her father. She loved the sun, the sky, the wind, the trees, the whole world. Life seemed to have given her everything that it possessed—the rare coloring of the most beautiful flower under her feet, a form that was divine, hair and eyes that no artist could paint, and, I think, one of the sweetest voices I have ever heard. She is, I have heard, beloved in her own environment. She is a worker for human betterment, and spends much of her time in actual work with the poor. Not long ago she was responsible for the building of a home for unfortunate little children.

That day in camp there was a sudden excitement. Three of the Indians had driven a cow moose, a yearling, and a bull into a small cover. It was a splendid chance for the girl. I can see her eyes glowing with the fires of excitement now, as she caught up her rifle and hurried with her father and brother and the Indians to the refuge-place of the family of moose. She was placed at the head of an open space, and the moose were driven out. First came the yearling calf, then the mother, and after them came the old bull. The girl's lovely face, as I looked at it, was flushed. It seemed as though I might hear the excited beating of her heart as she waited, quivering with the desire to kill.

She fired first at the calf, and then at the mother—and from that moment all that was big and beautiful and noble in life seemed to leave her own body and enter that of the old bull moose. For the first shot had struck the calf, laming it so that it could run but slowly, with the mother urging it on from behind. Not once in the moments that followed did the mother run ahead of her calf. And then I beheld a thing that I believe to be as noble as anything that man has ever done in all the ages. Believe, if you will, that the magnificent old bull had no reason. Believe, if you cannot sacrifice your egoism, that he did not think. Do not give him the credit of possessing a heart or a soul or feelings, if that sacrifice of egoism hurts you. But consider what happened.

The old bull ran alongside the cow, alongside the calf, and then, by reason or instinct, he **knew** what had happened. He did not forge ahead. He did not race for safety, but deliberately he dropped behind, turned himself broadside, and stopped, **making of his own splendid body a barrier in the path of the bullets.**

I heard the girl's rifle cracking. Twice I saw the bull flinch, and I knew that he was struck. Then I heard her cry out, almost frantically, that her last shot was gone. In the same instant, her brother ran up from the cover and thrust his own rifle into her hands.

"Give it to him, sis!" he cried. "Give it to him!"

The big bull had turned. He staggered a bit as he ran, but in a hundred feet he had overtaken the cow and the calf. The calf was going still more slowly, and in my desire to see the cow and the bull break away, I shouted.

Almost simultaneously with the sound of my voice, the bull stopped again. He placed himself broadside, at perhaps a three-quarter angle, so that, by turning his head slightly, he was looking back at us. He was directly between the cow and the calf, and the girl's bullets continued to rip into him. I remember that I cried out in protest, but she did not sense my words. Every fiber of her being was strung to the thrilling achievement of that crime. She was deaf and blind to the nobility of the great-hearted beast who, in my eyes, was deliberately sacrificing his life. The flaming lust to kill had driven all other things out of her heart and soul. Her father had run up, and brother and father cried out in triumph when the old bull sagged suddenly in the middle and almost fell to his knees. Four times he had been struck when again he went on.

From my experience in big-game hunting, I knew that he was done for. Yet, even in these moments when he was dying, the glorious soul of him was unafraid. Three hundred yards away he stopped and turned again, giving the cow and the calf a last chance to reach the timber. The girl fired her last shots, and missed. Then the bull swung after the cow and the calf and disappeared in the cover. But, as he went, there came back to us a terrible, deep-chested cough, and my heart gave up its hope. It told me the heroic old bull was shot through the lungs. I did not hurry after the girl and her father and brother as they ran over the blood-stained trail. I continued to hear the coughing for a few moments. Then it was

It Is Important That YOU Read Cover Editorial

silent. When I came up to them, just inside the timber, the three were standing in triumph close to the dead body of the bull. Hardly more than twenty paces from it was the yearling calf, dying, but not quite dead. The brother had ended it with a revolver-shot.

And then I looked at the creature who had committed this double murder. Many times I had done this same crime, but with me, crude and rough, with all the inborn savagery of man, killing had not seemed quite so horrible. And standing there, a little later,—red-lipped, her face aflame, her eyes glowing, exquisite in her beauty,—the girl had her picture taken in triumph as she stood with one booted little foot on the neck of her victim.

When I hear of the vaunted human soul, and when men and women tell me there is no soul but the soul of a human, my mind goes back to that day. I might tell of a hundred other instances that are convincing unto myself, but that one stands out with unforgettable vividness.

I am sure, for instance, that the soul of a flower once saved my life. This is not unusual, or even remarkable, for the souls of flowers have saved unnumbered lives, as well as giving cheer and courage to countless millions; and when we die it is still the Soul of the Flower that watches over us in our resting-places. No place in the world do flowers live more beautifully than in our gardens of the dead, cheering us when we come with our grief to the place of our lost ones, giving us courage to go on. Take the Soul of the Flower away from us, and the world would be hard and bleak to live in.

To me, the soul is synonymous with life. I do not disassociate the two. When we breathe our last, our life—our soul—is gone. The two, I believe, are one. When we pluck a flower we destroy neither, but when we tear it up by the roots so that it dies, then has its soul, or its life, gone the same way as that of man who dies. I have spent many wonderful hours in those gardens of the dead which every city, hamlet, and countryside must have. To me, there are only beauty and the glory of God in a cemetery. It seems to me that there, if never before, one must come to understand the brotherhood of all life. It seems to me that the very stillness and peace of a resting-place of the dead softly whisper to us the great secret which those who are lying there have at last discovered—that life is the same, that its only difference is in form and manifestation. I seem to feel that I have come into the one place where there are only charity and faith and good will, and I have always the thought—which to me gives courage and hope—that this is why the flowers and the trees are so beautiful and so comforting there. I have stood in other cemeteries which, to the passing eye, have been barren and ugly, where man has lent but very feebly a helping hand, but even there, if I looked a little closer, I have found the Soul of the Flower, the same peace, the same tranquillity, perhaps even greater courage to inspire one to "keep on."

I have a case in point, so convincing to myself that all the preaching in the world could not change my sentiment in the matter. I happened, at this particular time, to be traveling alone in the Northland, and when a certain accident befell me, the nearest help I knew of was at a half-breed's cabin between twenty and thirty miles away. Thirty miles is not a very great matter in a country of paved roads and level paths, but it is a far distance in a country of dense forest and swamp, without trails or guide-posts—and especially when one is badly crippled. Like the most amateurish tenderfoot, I took a chance along the face of a cliff near a small waterfall, slipped, fell, and came tumbling down a matter of thirty feet with a sixty-pound pack and my rifle on top of me. In the fall, my foot received a terrific blow, probably on a projecting ledge of rock.

The man who has faced many situations is usually the man who is cautious, and though I had just committed an inexcusable error in my carelessness, I now lost no time in putting up my small silk tent while I could still drag myself about. It was well I did so. For ten days thereafter, I was not able to rest a pound of weight upon my injured foot.

With the music and refreshing coolness of the waterfall less than a hundred feet from my tent door, and the creek itself not more than a quarter of that distance, I was most fortunately situated under the circumstances. The first morning after my fall found me almost helpless. Every move I made gave me excruciating pain. My entire foot and ankle, and my leg halfway to the knee, were swollen to twice their normal size. This first day I dragged myself to a sapling, cut it as I lay on my side, and made me a rough crutch of it. The second day, my entire lower limb was swollen until it had lost all semblance to form, and was so badly discolored that a cold and terrible dread began to grow in me. I had only thirty cartridges. I fired ten that first day, in the futile hope that some wandering adventurer might have drifted within the sound of my rifle. Occasionally I hallooed. Night of the second day found me in the beginning of a fever, and, at a cost of physical agony, I prepared myself for the worst—placed my possessions within the reach of my hands, and dragged myself up from the creek with a small pail of water.

I shall never forget the dawn of the third day. Racked with pain, with the fever in my blood, my leg now stiff as a board to the thigh, I was still not blind to the beauty of the morning. The rising sun first lighted up the waterfall, then it fell in a warm and golden flood where I had made my camp. In that silence, broken only by the music of the water, every soft note that was made by the wild things came to me distinctly. It was a morning to put cheer and hope into the heart of a dying man. Then my eyes turned, and, a few feet beyond the reach of my hand, I **found something looking at me.**

Yes; to me, in that moment, it was a thing living and vibrant with life, and yet it was nothing more than a flower. It grew on a stem a foot high, and the face of it made me think of one of our home-garden pansies; only, the flower was all one color, with longer petals—a soft, velvety blue. It seemed to have turned to face the morning sun, and, in facing the sun, it was squarely facing me—a piquant, joyous, laughing little face, asking me as clearly as in words, "What can possibly be the matter with you on this fine morning?"

I am not going into the psychology or soul-language of that flower. I am not going to argue about it at all, but simply tell what it did for me. Perhaps, if you want to lay it all to something, you may say it was because I was out of my head a part of the time with fever. But that flower was my doctor through the days of torture and hopelessness that followed. Now and then a bird sang near me; occasionally a wild thing would come and peer at me curiously, then go its way. But the flower never left me, and only turned its face partly away from me in the hours of its evening worship. For its God was the sun. It faced the sun in the morning, wide-awake and open. Late in the afternoon, it would turn a little on its stem, and with the setting of the sun, its soft petals would begin to close, and it would go to sleep, like a little child, with the coming of dusk. Day after day, it grew nearer and more of a beloved comrade to me.

After the fourth day, it did not, for an instant, allow me to think that I was going to die. Never for an instant did it lose its cheer and confidence. It was there to say "Hello!" to me every morning, and there to say "Goodnight" to me when the shadows grew deep—and all through the day it talked to me, and bobbed its little head in the whispers of the breezes, and I had the foolish sentiment, at times, that it was actually flirting with me. I do not think I realized how precious it had become to me until, one day, there came a terrific thunder-storm. I thought the first blast of the wind and beat of rain were going to destroy my comrade, and, almost in a panic, I dragged myself right and left, forgetful of pain, until I had built a protection about my flower.

That was the sixth day, and, from that day, the swelling and the pain began to leave my limb. On the tenth, I could move about a little on my feet. On the fifteenth, I was prepared to undertake my journey again. I felt a real grief in leaving that solitary flower. It had become a part of me, had encouraged me in my blackest hours, had cheered and comforted me even in the darkness of nights, because I knew it was there—my little

(Continued on page 626)

John Moreland on the Upper Mississippi

Second installment of the continuation of John Moreland, Fisherman, which ran in this magazine in the issues of Sept., Oct., and Nov., 1922.

By WILL H. DILG

TWO weeks had now elapsed since John Moreland and Walter Strong had arrived on the Upper river. Their extraordinary bet of $5,000.00 had become common talk and had spread up and down the Father of Waters for a hundred miles or more and bid fair to be known nationally. This was decidedly unpleasant to the two multimillionaires, and they wondered where the leakage came, each suspecting the other's crew. The crews of "The Winner" and "The Victory," however, plainly enjoyed the notoriety.

Moreland and Strong entirely overestimated their importance, thought Bill Pohlman and Nate Ward. These two veteran river men knew that more than likely the $5,000.00 bet would be won by the outfit who exhibited the most cleverness in hunting big fish, and both equally felt that they could spell able in this respect. Bill and Nate had always held each other in respect and for years had been friendly rivals. They had pulled the greatest black bass fly fishermen in America, and no two men could spot the fisherman who possessed the quality of "fish sense" or "fish instinct" quicker than they. Sixty seconds had been enough to convince both that their men were "greeners." Bill and Nate did not think, **they knew, that real fishermen are born, not made.** Hence both were at a high tension, and keenly alive to the fact that it was up to them, and being fighters by nature, they treasured more than they had ever treasured anything in all their lives the honor of captaining the crew that would, to put it their way, "cop the $5,000.00."

Both Nate and Bill, because of their knowing the old river so well, were almost certain to often choose the same waters. The spirit of rivalry between the two crews was evident from the beginning, especially between the two cooks. Pete Lafitte and Lars Petersen often met when buying supplies at the little farms along the river, and the French in old Pete prompted him to twit Petersen, who too was a cocky old soul with a chip on each shoulder.

The Volstead act was practically nil along the river, as everybody knew, and both Pete and Lars did not object to a nip of moonshine and a nip or two caused them to brag, and bragging brought on betting. Thus each time the two old cooks met, a bet was made.

"Ol' fren', I mak' tree bet wid dat Lars Petersen on de Victor'. De firs' bet ten dollair, now it tirty dollair. By gar, we got win dat fi' tousan' dollair. What you tink we go Winneshiek bottoms—big bass dare."

The river was still rather high, but slowly falling, and both the Winner and the Victory outfits were taking plenty of bass. None were, however, of extra size. Both outfits hovered about the vicinity of Minneiska. Walter Strong's boat was still moored at the mouth of Buffalo while Moreland had moved down river from Belvidere to the "big box dam" district.

One hot noon day Strong's fast launch hove in sight. Soon the watchers saw that it was headed for the Victory. Nate Ward was alone, and steered his boat so that he ran close enough to the Victory to hand Bill Pohlman a market basket without stopping, saying, as he did so,

"For Mr. Moreland, with the compliments of Mr. Strong."

The curiosity on board the Victory was intense, but was soon satisfied when it developed that the market basket contained a big bass, resting in a bed of cool moss and ferns. There was a sealed envelope addressed "John Moreland, Esq." which he hastily opened and read aloud:

"Dear John:

How do you like this one?

Sincerely,

Walter."

"How much will it weigh?" quickly commanded Moreland.

"I don't think it will go four pounds," said Bill, as he measured it with his rule, "it's just nineteen inches long." By this time Pete had brought forth the houseboat scales and the fine fish was put on and exactly registered 3 lbs. 15 ounces.

"I've got a hunch," said Bill, for the hundredth time, "the $5,000.00 will go to the boat that takes a fish of five lbs. or better."

It was a rule on board the Victory that only two real meals would be served. A big breakfast at nine immediately after Moreland and Bill had returned from the morning's fishing. Dinner was on the table at four o'clock and that was the big feed of the day. At five Moreland daily started forth and fished till twilight, and on his return a pick-up was served to all hands.

An evening or two after Walter Strong had sent the

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"He hooked a monster bass in Crooked Slough."

big bass to Moreland, Bill and he hooked a monster bass in Crooked Slough. Both knew that their work was cut out for them, the many snags and tree falls in the old slough making it difficult water in which to net big fish.

"He's a big one, and we have got to get him!" shouted Bill, as he pulled out for the middle of the stream.

The first mighty break the fish made proved that Bill could tell a big bass from the strike alone. The fish took out all of seventy feet in one great rush, and looked a mile off to Moreland.

"That's the biggest bass I have ever hooked," said Moreland with bated breath. "I hope he's bigger than that one of Strong's."

"I think he is, and my guess is that he'll go over four pounds, and may even be big enough to win those 5000 iron men," said Bill. "We haven't got him yet though, and it's going to take good fishing to get him in this snaggy slough."

The current was extra fast right at this spot because Running Slough pours into Crooked here and in high water piles up dead trees and all sorts of rubbish.

Moreland's fish hung down low for some minutes, and could not be budged. This kept up till both he and Bill greatly feared it had fouled the line in some way. Meanwhile, the fish being at such depth, the speeding current played on the line causing it to hum like a strummed harp.

"What'll we do, Bill? I feel him, he's tugging away fiercely, but I can't move him!"

"Hang on and give him every ounce of strain your rod will stand, and if he hasn't caught on to something, he'll come up with a bang pretty soon." Bill had hardly finished speaking when up came the fish, exploding the water into foam. Upstream with lightning speed, now raced the fish and Bill pulled the boat with all his might to help Moreland secure a tight line. Both their efforts, however, signally failed and out of the water again burst the fish, this time on a slack line, and again tearing the water into foam.

"Must be hooked to a fare-you-well or he would have gotten away that time." thought Bill.

Now the old timer showed his generalship and shot like a bullet for some piled up brush across river. "Hold him!" shrieked Bill, and at the same time he frantically pulled for the opposite shore. Here a half submerged saw log, worn smooth as glass from being for years in the river, criss-crossed the brush pile and at the very edge of this the fish broke water with a crash. Its splendid leap landed it on the opposite side of the log, not more than four feet of water being between the log and the brush pile.

"Pull like hell!" yelled Moreland, and at the same time he leaned back and pulled hard on the fish, so hard that his rod straightened out and creaked. Bill pulled and Moreland fairly slid the fish over the smooth log into open water. Sweat stood out in great beads on the old man's face, and his breath came in jerks between set teeth. The fish now was amenable to some reason, although it battled with a never say die spirit for ten or more minutes, before Bill netted a thoroughly exhausted fish.

"I'm all in and in a terrible sweat, but is that fish bigger than Strong's?" asked the proud old man, a tremble in his voice in spite of himself.

"We'll measure him," calmly said Bill, and out came his folding rule; "a full twenty inches and heavy through the shoulders, but not a five-pounder. That was pretty

"The current was extra fast right at this spot."

work of yours when you yelled to me to pull like hell, because I thought the fish gone to a certainty, and was half stunned for the instant and couldn't think. Look at this oar." And then he picked up half of a spruce oar from the bottom of the boat and showed it to Moreland.

"When did that happen, and how did you get the extra oar in place without my knowing it?"

"When you yelled 'pull like hell' I came to in a flash and snapped the oar in my effort to help you. I changed to our extra oar while you were fighting your fish." Both men looked their admiration of the other as they drifted downstream.

"You know, I had an old uncle who was a wonderful fisherman, and I guess I'll catch on to this game in time."

"Yes, I think so," said Bill, and he meant it as the tone of his voice proved.

The two happy fishermen continued to drift downstream and looked at the giant warrior which lay on the top of the ice in the ice box. "'This is the life,' as my friend Bob says," said Moreland. "Never had a finer time, and I feel as husky as a bull. Just look at that sunset, and see the swallows darting everywhere." Surely Napoleon after a successful battle could not have been in a more satisfied mood than was John Moreland.

Bill now took up the oars and slowly pulled into the river and as they silently moved through the water Moreland hummed a tune. At the point where Crooked Slough ran into the river they heard the querulous voice of an old man as he scolded some one. "Who's that?" inquired Moreland.

"Oh, that's old Fritz Lieber and his grandson. He's raising hell with the kid in German for carelessly kicking over their jug of drinking water. I guess the old man is thirsty."

"Hail him," said Moreland, and as they drew near he saw a very thin old man and a little boy, equally thin and peeked.

"What's the matter with river water, aint it fit to drink?" asked Moreland.

"Polluted as hell, and unless something is done it will soon mean good bye black bass in this river," answered Bill.

"Want a drink?" asked Moreland, as Bill pulled the boat alongside and at the same time handed his Thermos bottle to the old fellow. While the two drank Moreland noticed an enamelless and rusty steel fly rod and also that the quaint old man fished without a leader, his fly being tied directly onto a frazzled line. "What luck?" asked Moreland.

"Oh, putty goot—dey eat up my fly," and then he showed Moreland an ancient and worn-out Montreal.

This is the second installment of

"John Moreland on the Upper Mississippi"

By

WILL H. DILG

The third installment will appear in the August issue

Here John Moreland was tempted to show his big fish, being still flushed with his victory over the fighting warrior of Crooked Slough. Who can blame him for wanting to exhibit his prowess as a fisherman?

"Want to see a fine fish?" and at the same time he stood up and raised the lid of the ice box and with pride showed the old man his fine bass.

"Dat's a putty goot vun—vat you tink of dis vun," and then the old German reached into a burlap sack and brought forth such a bass as few river men see in a whole lifetime.

The great size of the bass fairly took Moreland's breath away, and as he looked at it he gasped in utter amazement:

"What does he weigh?"

"I dunt know, but he be putty beeg—more dan two feet, I tink."

"God, what a fish," said Moreland. "Bill, measure that fish quickly."

"Just 25¼ inches," said Bill.

"How much will he weigh?"

Bill took up the tremendous fish by the lower jaw and hefted it and said,

"He'll go over six pounds, I think."

"What do you want for him?" eagerly asked Moreland.

"Vell, I dunt know, ezactly—I trade him for a dozent flies like does," pointing to the "wounded feather minnow" on Moreland's leader.

"It's a go—pick 'em out," and quickly he handed his box of cork bodied bugs and minnows to the old man. Slowly old Fritz made his choice, and after this important matter was settled to his satisfaction, he handed over his mighty black bass to Bill.

"Here's a few leaders to go with them. Wait a minute." And out came his wallet and he stripped from a pile of bills a fifty and handed it to the frail little boy, with the simple remark—"Take this, kid, I'd give a ton of money to have taken that big bass."

The launch now arrived and Moreland climbed into it and sat down wrapt in thought for some minutes. Bill who was watching him saw a smile creep over the old man's face and he wondered what was in the wind.

"Somebody get me a market basket and fill the bottom of it with moss and ferns," said Moreland. Again on board the houseboat, he then wrote a note and when the basket was ready, Bill was instructed to place the two bass in it. Moreland then read his note aloud—

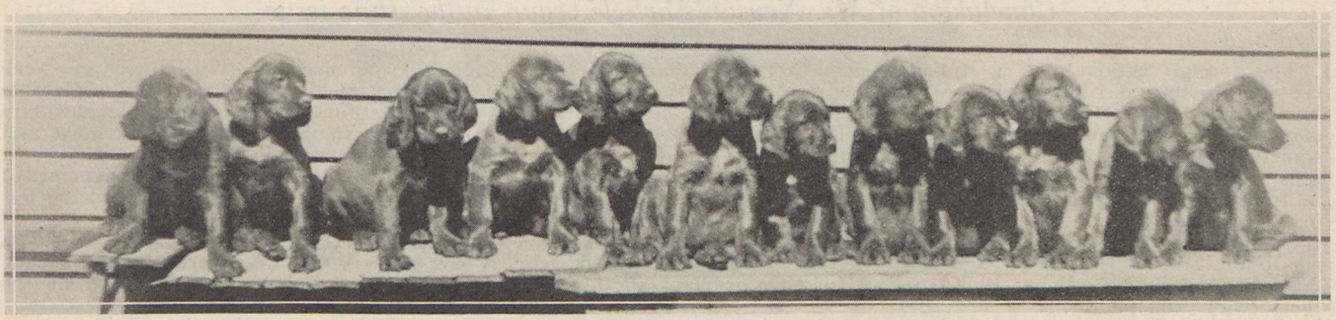
"Dear Walter—
What do you think of these two?
Sincerely,
John."

"Deliver this to the Winner, and hurry so that you can get there before dark." (Continued on page 631)

A bit of the Winneshiek Bottoms—Read cover editorial.

Dogs, Game Birds and Sportsmen

This Department will be conducted monthly by Mr. Carman, who is one of America's foremost authorities on dogs. In his own words, "I dedicate this Department not to Dogs, but to man's greater understanding of Dogs." Mr. Carman is glad to receive letters, photographs, stories, experiences and enquiries from all lovers of dogs and readers of this Department.



A Baker's Dozen. Dam, Peggy Watt—Sire, Sir Patrick Redfield. Owned by Dr. J. Frederick Walter, McGregor, Iowa.

The Mut and the Prince

By TRAVERS D. CARMAN

NOBODY loved him. Everyone cursed and kicked him. "Just a Mut," that's what they all called him. Only an overgrown, mangy, flea-bitten pup, afraid of the unknown, afraid of the known, afraid of mankind and afraid of his own people,—uncouth symbol of fear, gaunt and ever seeking food, sunken-eyed and ever questioning the world as he saw it.

Drooping tail, fearsome eyes, dejected ears, uncertain tottering gait, starvation-drawn muzzle, nobody's dog, everybody's object of venom, unmistakably an English setter in the making of a derelict, an outcast, a tramp and a thief.

Vermin infested his lusterless, shaggy hair. Parasites filled the bowels of him, courage had fled, hope had ceased, fear, cunning, treachery were about to possess him. Just a mut with the twenty-four hours of each day filled with desire unfulfilled;—desire to fill his gnawing stomach; desire to allay the madness of fleabites; desire to find shelter for the night; desire for human kindness.

Super Man called him "Just a Mut," and was fast making him one—man, the King with power over all helpless things, over all dumb animals, posing as the human champion of all oppressed, weary and abused, heeded him not, except to hurry him on to his life of starving outlawry, and ultimate doom of hydrophobia.

Man, the generous patron of hospitals for his own tribe, the lavisher of fortunes on his own bodily comfort. Man the spender, Man the giver, Man the waster, Man the patron of the fine arts and humanitarian movements, gave him a kick and a curse, mute to the teachings of Christ, impatient that just a poor mut should cause his conscience an uneasy twinge.

Begotten of generation upon generation of dog inheritance was created in the mind of the Pup, affection and respect, loyalty and devotion for Man. He craved a kind hand, palm upward, in friendliness extended to him.

After occasional scanty meal from garbage can, stolen in haste with the noise of dislodged cover advertising to the world of Man the covert act perpetrated, he would steal away to his dugout under a disused stable flooring, and with mind somewhat restored to normal state, create in his revery an affectionate master upon whom he could lavish the love that was in him. Falling asleep, his dreams would bring his fulfillment of a master, with whom he hunted, at the foot of whose bed he slept—who fed him and loved him.

But dreams are but thin air when reality is demanded. And so the Pup barely existed, promise of evil, sacrifice to the selfishness of Man, the King.

But when Man is King, the boy may well be called the Prince, and no Prince is happy without his dog—be he however humble, ugly, mangy, flea-bitten and starved.

For each dog there is a Prince, provided only Prince and dog meet.

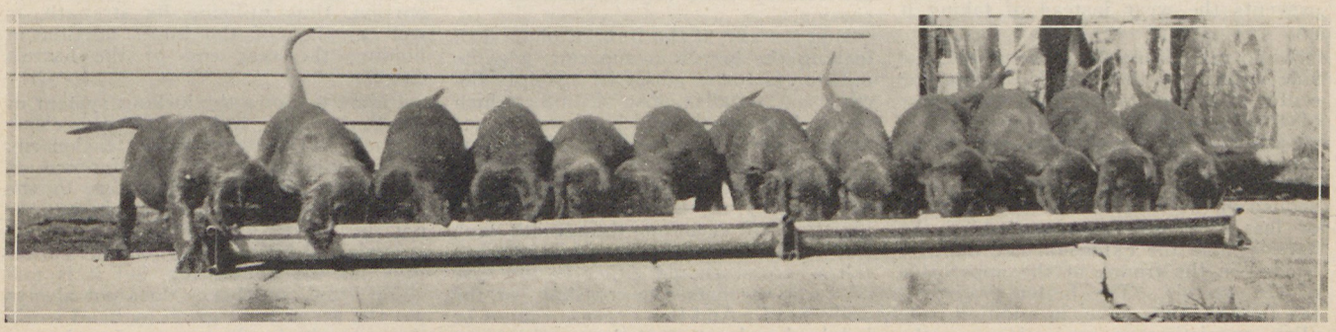
There was a certain Prince and he had a way of exploring all unknown things. Old buildings fascinated him and he sought to discover them, there to wander and hide, roam and play, as is the way of all boys.

He found the disused stable, and its hollow-sounding interior fascinated him. There he could play by the hour as Prince, without fear of the scoffing of his less imaginative boy friends, where darkened mysterious loft would echo back his man-affected voice; where sunlit slit, through broken roof, would add to the magic of the chamber below.

And this Prince had no dog and ached as only a boy can ache for his first dog.

And then happened the miracle. The boy Prince had

(Continued on page 627)



Game Rifles

Edited by
M. L. GOCHENOUR

Shotgun Actions

By CHARLES NEWTON

Conclusion of Mr. Newton's article begun in the June issue

The foreign actions use a straight crossbolt, acting at right angles to the extension rib; sometimes it is round, sometimes square, sometimes concealed, sometimes projecting. But in all cases it is a hole drilled and worked straight in from the outside, and the bolt can be fitted with absolute nicety. Notice the amount of metal in the extension rib to the rear of the crossbolt in the Adolph guns, which are but typical of the foreign principle in this regard; and in the case of the square crossbolt, note the large area of surface in contact to resist the forward movement, and the similarly large area of contact to prevent the breech rising; the full diameter in each case. Therefore the foreign crossbolt is a potent factor in restraining the forward movement of the barrels, while the American is absolutely useless in that regard.

Another feature found on some American guns and absent from some of foreign make, although usually present on the latter and usually absent from the former, is the "doll's-head" on the extension rib. Properly applied and carefully fitted this is a most valuable reinforcement to the mechanism, although useless if not carefully fitted. It also tends to restrain the forward movement of the barrels at the upper side.

Considering the actions from the standpoint of strength for holding the barrels down at the breech, we find in most of the American actions but a single point of contact, usually on the extension rib, and this of but small area. Some, like the Ithaca and Remington, have, in addition, a lock on the rear lug, but most have not. The foreign actions have a locking plate beneath the bed of the frame, engaging in notches in the rear of both lugs, keying the barrels down, and supplemented by the crossbolt. Here, again, the principle of a large area in contact, the head of the chisel rather than the edge, is found; and its advantages are here just as manifest as in the case of restraining the forward thrust. It compensates by doing away with the need for compensation, rather than by taking up the slack. It leaves no slack to be taken up. The top lever may be placed straight in the center of the stock, where it belongs when the gun is new, not when it is worn out. It prevents the wear instead of taking it up.

As to restraining the third strain, the side wrench of the barrels, due to the center of thrust (which is at the center of the barrel fired) being at one side of the center of resistance (which is the center of the rib), both foreign and American guns have the lower lugs bedded in the frame and reaching more or less close to the rear end of the barrels; also the extension rib, likewise bedded in the frame, at the upper side of the barrels. The better grades of the foreign guns have, in addition, side clips, consisting of projections on the sides of the standing breech, enclosing the rear end of the barrels and absolutely preventing any side whip.

The users of American made shotguns point to the fact that their guns have seen long and hard usage and have not broken, which proves absolutely their durability to the extent of the use given. But there is still much discussion of "compensating devices" even when only ordinary shotgun cartridges are used. Our foreign actions have rifle barrels of heavy caliber, using cartridges developing up to fifty thousand pounds pressure per square inch, as against the six thousand pounds pressure of a shot cartridge mounted in them and used for years without either compensating device or need for compensating device, and they stand the strain perfectly. This is a test "as is a test."

For the past year Mr. Adolph has had a standing offer to fit a pair of rifle barrels for the .450 Cordite elephant cartridge, the same as is used regularly in the European type of actions, to any American-made shotgun action of standard design, and if it withstood the strain as well as the foreign type to pay all expenses of the test and donate a comfortable purse to charity; if the American action gives out first the owner to do likewise. Such a test would be interesting and far more satisfactory than any amount of discussion.

Necessarily technical, this treatise has gone to the heart of the weaknesses in most shotguns of American manufacture. Yet the author has presented the facts with such forceful simplicity that any reader whose pet "double" has shot loose can easily understand why. Mr. Newton's analysis challenges the careful consideration of American shotgun designers and factory engineers.

But, we say, if the foreign method of locking the breech is superior, why do not our factories adopt it? Simply because it entails close fitting, which means hand work; and hand work costs money. The proper fitting of the forward face of the rear lug against its supporting shoulder in the frame cannot be done by machinery. As stated, a variation of even one-thousandth inch cannot be allowed, or the strain will not fall where it should either in the case of the lower lugs, the crossbolt, or the doll's-head. And this expense cannot be indulged and yet meet the requirements of our market. True there are some sportsmen willing to pay considerable sums for their weapons, but they are vastly in the minority. The great majority must have the goods cheap. Therefore, while by the payment of a large price we may obtain fancy finish, fancy stocks, gold inlaying, engraving, etc., yet we cannot get any better or more durable American factory-made gun for five hundred dollars than we can for fifty. In fact, the slightest effort to fit up or polish the working parts actually injures the gun, since they are all machined to a certain size, and that size is one which will allow them to be assembled without additional finish. The added finish reduces the size of a part already small enough, and a loose fit is the inevitable result. And, given the loose fit to start with, the ensuing pounding in use speedily makes it looser.

The accompanying photograph showing the locking system of eight different guns graphically illustrates the difference mentioned.

The European system of locking is shown by figs. 1 and 2, fig. 1 being a three-barreled gun made by Mr. Adolph for the writer, and embodying the double locking lugs, square crossbolt, keying of the barrels down by notches in the lugs, doll's-head, and side clips. Figure 2 shows a 20-gauge shotgun made by Mr. Adolph for the writer, differing from the three-barreled in that it has no doll's-head. The absence of the third barrel leaves the locking lugs longer than on the three barrel. Note the amount of metal in the extension rib to the rear of the crossbolt hole, this enabling the crossbolt to support the barrels against the forward thrust as well as holding down.

Figure 3 shows the lug and extension rib of the L. C. Smith gun, in which the forward thrust is all restrained by the single bearing of the single lug against the hinge pin, which has to sustain the entire forward thrust. The thin strip of metal back of the crossbolt hole indicates clearly not only that the crossbolt does not, but cannot, support the barrels in the slightest degree against the forward thrust, since were any strain from front to rear placed against this portion of the steel it would bend to the rear. The only function of this little strip of steel is to tie the upper portion of the extension rib to the lower portion, thus utilizing its strength as well as that of the lower portion in holding the rear end of the barrels down.

Figure 4 shows the locking system of the Parker gun; it does not show clearly the doll's-head on the extension rib. There appears to be a difference of opinion in the communications to the different magazines as to whether or not the Parker gun shoots loose. This is explained by the fact that the Parker gun has the double lug, but it is machine fitted, and hence does not always get the accurate fit given by hand work. As a result, in those guns in which a

It Is Important That YOU Read Cover Editorial

perfect fit is secured it has something of the strength of the European double lug and holds tight under a great deal more strain than it will stand if this particular joint is not so accurately fitted. The doll's-head on the extension rib takes up some of the forward thrust, while the only device for fastening the barrels down at the rear is the single bite in the notch in the rear of the rear lug.

Figure 5 shows the LeFever gun. This has a modified form of doll's-head on the extension rib, while, instead of a hinge pin, the forward face of the single lug bears against a ball placed in the frame, which ball is capable of adjustment to take up the wear as it batters. This gives much less area of surface in contact than any other method of locking, consequently the greater need of some device to take up the slack. This is held down by the single bite of the lever in the end of the extension rib.

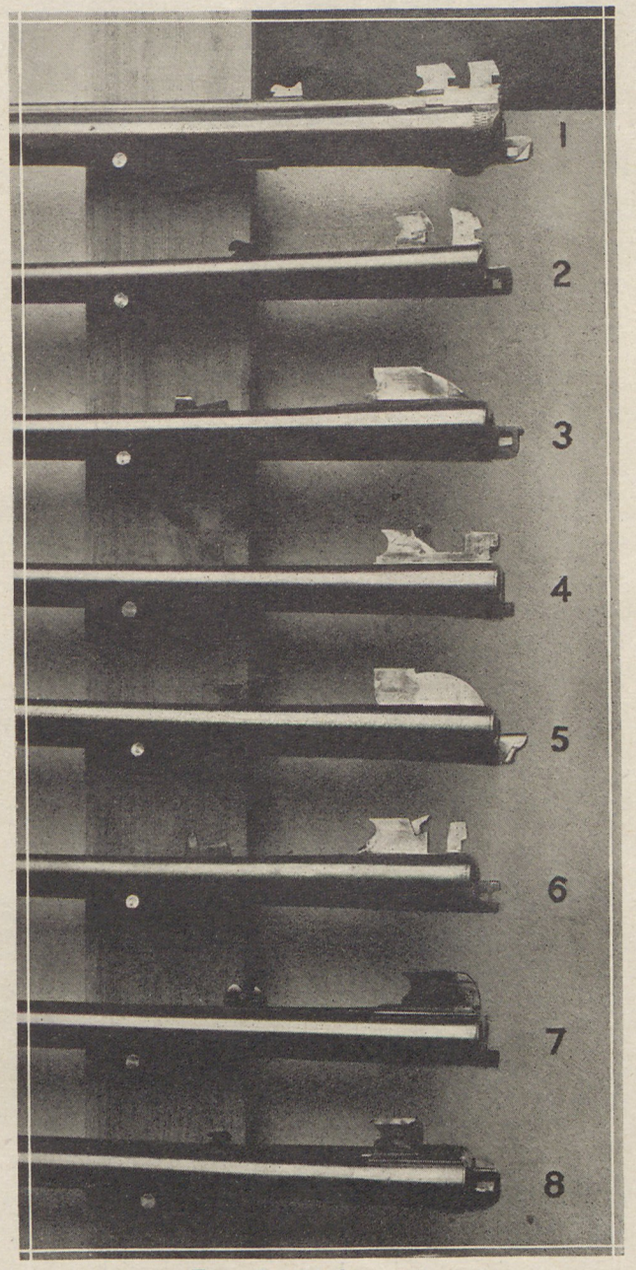
Figure 6 shows the Ithaca gun. This shows a double lug, but the rear lug has no bearing on its forward face and its sole function is to furnish a grip for an underlock in the notch in the rear face of the under lug. The cut shows that it is so slender that it would be incapable of sustaining much strain in a forward direction, even did the forward face of the rear lug bear on the frame. Therefore all the forward thrust is taken on the hinge pin alone, but it has a double lock to hold the rear of the barrels down. There is even less steel in the rear of the crossbolt hole with this barrel than with the L. C. Smith.

Figure 7 shows the Remington gun, having a single lug, in which the hinge pin sustains the entire forward thrust, but with a double lock to hold the barrels down, the lower lock engaging in the rear of the lug with a bite on the extension rib.

Figure 8 shows a Fox gun with a single lug, the hinge pin sustaining the entire forward thrust. Here, again, may be noted the very slight amount of steel to the rear of the crossbolt hole, thus demonstrating that the crossbolt not only does not, but cannot hold anything against the forward thrust. This gun is the complete exemplification of the American system, having but two points of contact, one on the hinge pin to hold against the forward thrust, the other through the extension rib to hold it down.

In examining these six American guns it will be noted that the Parker and the Remington have a much larger hinge pin than the others. This gives a much larger area of contact on this point, and thus less battering back and upsetting of metal, consequently greater durability so long as a single point of resistance is depended upon.

The entire European locking system as assembled is well illustrated in the accompanying cut of the action of the double-barreled rifle made by Mr. Adolph. This shows the double locking lugs, square crossbolt holding down and against the forward thrust, doll's-head holding against the forward thrust, double bite on the lower lugs to hold the barrels down, square crossbolt to hold the barrels down, and side clips to hold against the side whip. This rifle weighs but about eight pounds, yet takes a 30-caliber cartridge made by necking the 40-90 cartridge down to 30-caliber at the muzzle, and imparts to the regular service Springfield bullet a muzzle velocity of over 3,200 feet per second. Where is the eight-pound American gun whose owner would care to subject it to this treatment?



Examples of locking systems.

The other cut is a graphic illustration of the "demi-bloc" system, showing each barrel with half both lugs and of the extension rib all milled from the same piece of steel, and being kept from spreading apart by dove-tailed slot and groove in the two parts, shown at the bottom of the lugs. This enables the barrels to be assembled without subjecting them to the intense heat necessary to properly and satisfactorily braze the barrels together, and permitting the use of a solder which could be applied with far less heat.

The writer does not contend that the American machine-made shotgun is not the best value for the money it costs to be had, since its cost is decidedly below that of the first-class European gun, and his only purpose is to place before the readers the actual structural difference between the two types which go to make one gun better than another, and which necessarily involve the foreign gun costing more than the American. It cannot but be far more expensive to fit five different points of contact so closely that all give a simultaneous and absolutely correct bearing upon explosion, which fitting must be done by hand, than to fit two points of contact by machinery. This accounts for the proposition stated above that when one purchases an American gun, if he goes beyond $40.00 or $50.00 he cannot get any stronger, more durable, or other shooting gun, but the excess must all be absorbed in ornamentation, while with the European gun he can go far higher and get added strength for every added dollar which it costs. For a certain sum he can get the under lugs properly fitted with a plain extension rib. Add more money and he can get a round crossbolt. Add still more and he can get a square crossbolt, with greater area of bearing surface opposed to the upward thrust. Still more money will procure the doll's-head to further restrain the forward thrust, and still more will procure the side clips and still further minimize the side whip.

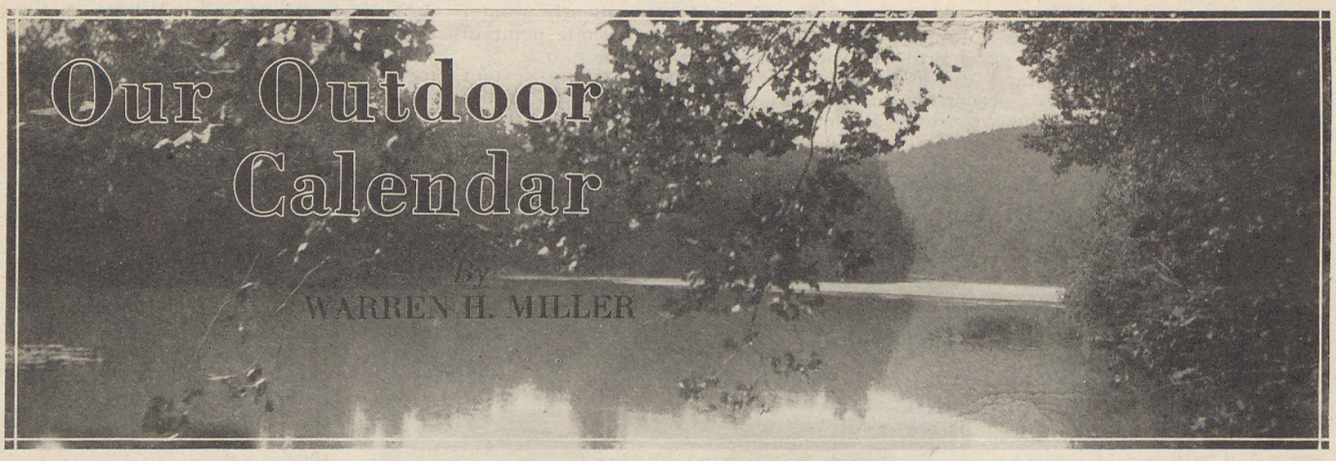
Again the investment of still more money will enable the barrels built on the demi-bloc system, by which there is no danger of either lugs or extension rib becoming loose from the barrels, regardless of the strain to which they are subjected.

Hence the vast difference between a shotgun of American and of European make.

(Conclusion)

A Conservationist in the Making

Nurse: Here's your brand-new baby brother.
Willie (a fisherman): Can you keep 'em that small?
—Life.



Our Outdoor Calendar

By
WARREN H. MILLER

July

This department of fascinating and practical outdoor lore will appear regularly and will be conducted by Warren H. Miller, former editor of Field and Stream. There is no better authority in America on camping and living in the open than Warren H. Miller. —*The Editor.*

THE Lightning Moon. The Indian sign-language for it was the cupped crescent of thumb and forefinger, signifying moon, and a zig-zag downward sweep of the finger. While July is our moon of thunderstorms, I like to think of it chiefly as the Moon of Contentment. Summer is at last really and solidly here. The forest leaf-carpet has at last

Are we to let such streams as this to be pollution sewers?

dried out, and one can loll around on it all day, and feed luxuriantly on fresh wild raspberries and blue-berries. You are utterly free. No one wants anybody to do anything. That nervous and energetic soul, who would always be stirring up people to go somewhere or do something, has at last received that touch of the tropical ease which a hot day in July can give, and is, for once, quiet and unambitious. We give him our benison; and look forward hopefully to that indolent and dissolute old age which we have promised ourselves in the woods, when, having achieved a competence, we shall have a small but hospitable game refuge of our own, with a wild-duck forest lake in the middle of it.

We are tempted to enlarge upon that idea. Did you ever note how utterly happy and unafraid of man are the inhabitants of the average zoological park wild-fowl pond? Smart as lightning are the birds of the air! It does not take them any time at all to find out where they are **not** shot at, and where they **are** fed. And the man who is thus their benefactor they soon accept as a friend, even if he lives in a log cabin on the banks of their lake. Particularly if his visits to the shore are connected somehow with a pailful of good cracked corn. Nothing for nothing in this world! Yet I have seen a flock of five hundred Canada honkers, brant, red-heads, mallards, teal, pintails, wood duck and what-not all skidding wildly up the lake with flapping wings—all because a humble two-legged male of the genus **homo** was coming to the bank with a pail of feed. They crowded around him like barnyard fowl, these wild children who had never known a clipped wing; some of them ate out of his hand.

Now, in the Utterly Perfect State, we are going to have a lake like that. We will stock that lake with bass, and its outlet stream with trout. We will kill nothing within our domain, and keep open house for every wild creature who will come and settle on our land. The only labor we will do is planting chicken corn and duck-weed seed for them; otherwhiles we will sit naked and sunburned in a cave and give talks on philosophy to such humans as are wise enough to come and listen to our discourse.

And the dream is not a vapid one, really. A thousand dollars will buy us all the wild land we can handle, with a lake thrown in by the commercial person who will sell it as worthless. The rest is setting our house in order and putting some time and effort into making it attractive to our wild guests. Nor will we be troubled with having our wild population shot out. The veriest roughneck will respect the signs marking a game refuge; what he objects to is posted land on which the

His proudest moment.

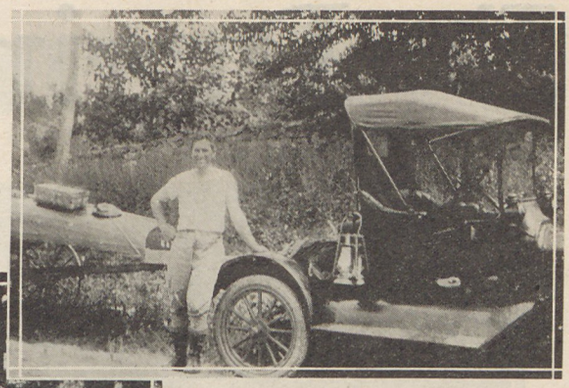
It Is Important That YOU Read Cover Editorial

owner appears to regard the game as his for private shooting, which it is **not**, for it belongs to the state, the people. . . .

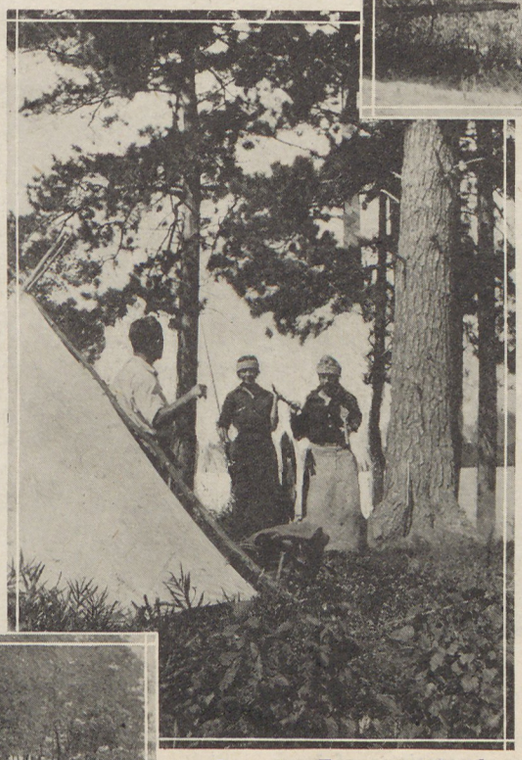
July is the great bass month. I first learnt my bass fishing at the knee of Frank Stick. We once went on a camp together, to settle a certain argument anent tump-strap versus pack-sack. I had invented a new-fangled pack-sack which unlaced at night to make a sleeping bag, in which Frank was sure I would freeze to death, so he went along, to demonstrate the unquestionable superiority of the tump-strap and a mess of blankets. Now, as Stick can catch fish anywhere, out of the city water-tap if there is no other available puddle to fish in, he brought along his casting rod and a strip of pork as a precautionary measure. We compromised the argument by going bass fishing. Stick had a short five-foot casting rod, a quadruple multiplying reel with No. 5 braided silk line on it, a small package of spoons, rings, swivels, large red flies on No. 1 hooks, and the strip of pork aforesaid.

With these things he proceeded to initiate me into the mysteries of bait-casting for bass. The pork lure was made up. First the fly; then a split ring in its eye; then a swivel; another split ring with the spoon in it; another swivel, to which the end of the line was tied. The bass inhabiting the little lake we were camped on flew at the pork minnow wiggling in the tail of this invention. Frank caught breakfast; then dinner; then handed the rod to me to learn. I swiped valiantly, made innumerable back-lashes, hooked all the weeds in the lake, caught a tree, and almost caught a bass during the hilarious period which ensued. But the fever was inoculated in me, virulent, insatiable. That was twelve years ago; since when I have adopted Sir Bold Battling Black Bass as my king of them all, and fishing for him, as the cream of angling. Is there **anything** in Nature equal to that twilight hour, with the heavens a blaze of roseate splendor, with the lake a still and burnished mirror reflecting the setting sun, with the forest a place of enchantment ringing with the evensong of birds, when you go out in the canoe after bass? Fly rod or bait-casting rod, it makes little difference. Those battles in the gloaming, or at early sunrise, with Sir Bass on either tackle will be golden memories.

The favorite old lure of Stick's is rather apt to prove a winner, if they are taking anything on the surface at all. As all these heavier-than-water lures are prone to come to grief by snagging far down beyond recovery during some period of unsnarling a back-lash, or to be snapped off by a stoppage in mid-cast,—again due to back-lash—this lure has the further advantage of being easily made up. A supply of spoons, swivels split rings, and red Bing or Shannon flies on No. 1 large hook, are all that is needed to make up new ones. Of pork rind there is always plenty. If you are poor and cannot afford to buy the large red flies, which used to cost fifty cents before the war gave the tackle men an excuse to go profiteering, you can make your own flies, with hen's feathers dyed red and with grooved and eared lead sinkers secured on the shank of your No. 1 hooks before tying on the feather. They are preferably made weedless, by a bit of spring wire bent up from eye to point of the hook.



Take your boat along on a pair of wheels behind the car.



Camp in a Forester tent beside a bass lake.

The author enjoying The Utterly Perfect State.

As a rule the smaller bass will not touch either the wooden plug or the really delectable pork minnow. He is afraid of both. In clear water you will see a pound bass following such a lure close astern but pursuing a policy of watchful waiting. If the lake has mainly small bass, there will be nothing doing. How then? Why, you simply take up your fly rod and put on a cast of flies; or one of the various bass bugs which have made famous certain authors and fishermen and other disreputable people, and all will be well.

Or, you can do as did my esteemed wife one time in the Adirondacks when the big bass of Lower Saranac ignored my wooden minnow and the little ones were afraid of it. The lady had no intention of going supperless to bed because her husband was a total loss as an angler, so she got out her fly rod, and, to the end of a frayed three-foot leader left over from the last trout campaign, she did attach or cause to be attached (as Father Antik, the Law, has it—I was the attacher) a No. 1 Buell spoon. This she switch-casted landward from our canoe, drawing it back by various artful wiles which made the spoon flop over slowly, like a small sunfish with indigestion of the bladder. As the three feet of gut leader severed all visible connection between that wabbling spoon and anything else in the world, the bass of Saranac flew at it savagely. I went to bed that night under the total eclipse of eight bass to the credit of Little Wife to Nought plus Nothing for Friend Husband!

Are you a wormist? Has it ever pinched, between

(Continued on page 629)

The Drainage Crime

A Lotus bed in the Winneshiek

let's not waste time on the suckers. It's far saner to think of **your boy and the coming generations of boys** who are being SOLD OUT.

It's no easy matter to put this important Upper Mississippi drainage proposition to you just right in writing, and so if you are one of those "Who Cares" I must ask you to please sit tight and not rock the boat and give me a chance to put the whole matter up to you the best way I can. Of course, if you and I could sit out on the porch with our pipes and talk it over in the moonlight and if we could then put it up to two million red-blooded sportsmen in the same way, by sundown tomorrow five Governors, ten U. S. Senators, a lot of Congressmen, and a few Cabinet officers, including the President of the United States, would get busy and do something. I say this with the utmost confidence because experience has proven to us here at headquarters that our State officers and our National Government want to do the right thing just as soon as they find out what the people want.

This was proven by our Superior National Forest victory when we stopped automobile roads from being built through the forest and thus saved for posterity the greatest canoe route in the world and the last great forest in the middle west. I'm not arguing now—**I'm telling you.**

I don't want this article to be a word longer than I can help, but I must seemingly digress for a minute or two and then we'll get back to these river bottoms. I intend to tell you how you can easily save this Upper Mississippi sportsmen's paradise forever, and not only that but make your HOME SPORT BETTER.

I had an hour or more with Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover on March 4th past (he is a member of our Washington, D. C., Chapter). My talk with him will prove to any man of common sense the need of united action on the part of the American sportsman to procure what he wants and should have, and that without such united action he will not be able to accomplish anything of real and lasting consequence.

While discussing pollution, Mr. Hoover said: "My pollution bill failed to pass, as you know. It never had a chance. Official Washington has but little evidence going to prove that the people give a damn about pollution. **And until the people care and let their State governments and the National Government know that they do care it is useless to attempt to get anywhere with pollution or any Outdoor America legislation."** Here you have it straight from the shoulder. In those two sentences Secretary Hoover said IT ALL.

It must be plain to you therefore that if these wonderful river lands and their fish and game are to be saved from being ruined FOREVER united action must be taken. I know this Upper Mississippi country from A to Z. For twenty odd years I have averaged at least sixty days on the Upper Mississippi each fishing season, with the single exception of 1922, and then I was angling for game fishermen instead of game fishes. Nowhere on this earth is there so beautiful a river country—the Hudson River does not begin to match it in rugged beauty. The red man loved this "Father of Waters" country with an undying flame and to him it was just what it is to the white man with a love of sport in his blood—**the happiest hunting grounds of America.** For years the drainage land operators have had their eyes on these Upper Mississippi river lands. Here they see just another golden opportunity to harvest the people's dollars.

The drainage history of the United States is mostly one long story of swindle. Every community in America has had sad experiences on the drained and reclaimed land question. The "something for nothing" argument worked centuries ago and it works just as well today. I am credibly informed that nine out of every ten drainage propositions have failed to bring forth good farm lands. Every state in the nation has had its bitter

It Is Important That YOU Read Cover Editorial

# of a Century

Continuation of Cover Editorial

Some of the members of the McGregor Izaak Walton Chapter who raised $400.00 to fight the Winneshiek Drainage

lesson, especially Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota. We can cover that part of this question in one sentence by stating that the farm land experts, including such national celebrities as Dr. H. C. Oberholser and Dr. L. H. Pammel, declare that the drainage of these river lands WILL NOT BRING FORTH GOOD FARM LANDS.

The scheme is to drain both sides of the river all of the way from Lake Pepin, Minn., to Rock Island, Ill., as the crow flies an area of more than three hundred miles. It is said up and down the river that the promoters behind the plan have pledged seven million dollars and expect the next National Congress to foster this gigantic proposition and to pass an appropriation of fourteen million dollars of the people's money to make it a good job—something which in the years to come will smell to high heaven.

Now here is where you come in and you must draw cards **right now** and play 'em too. There is no other way—this is not a case of what we sportsmen would like to do or want to do, it's gone beyond that **and is now a plain case of what we must do IF we really mean that we are lovers of sports afield and astream.** I'm not arguing with you, my brothers—**I'm telling you.**

The river sportsmen of Wisconsin and Iowa are in particular distress at this hour at the threatened immediate drainage of a strip of bottom lands on the Wisconsin side, lying between Lynxville on the south and De Soto on the north, about twenty miles in length, or approximately fifteen thousand acres, known as the Winneshiek bottoms. Now, while it is hard to pick out a best section along the river, still like everything in this world there is always a best **and this best is represented by the Winneshiek bottoms.**

The War Department has issued a permit to drain the Winneshiek bottoms and one of the Wisconsin lower courts, after giving the matter a hearing, authorized the drainage. You must understand right here that the sportsmen along the river knew little or nothing about the whole matter until suddenly it became known that the War Department had issued a permit and a Wisconsin court had consented to the drainage. At once the sportsmen along the river were in a panic and got busy, especially the Izaak Walton Chapter of McGregor, Iowa. Now, McGregor is not a large town but our Chapter there raised four hundred dollars between sunup and sundown. They at once engaged Wisconsin attorneys and started action in the Supreme Court of Wisconsin because **they knew that would gain time and stop immediate drainage.** Then they appealed to headquarters and asked that I come to McGregor and make an investigation. I agreed to come if they would have a farm land expert accompany me and so it was arranged to secure the best man in Iowa for such a purpose, Dr. A. L. Bakke, of the Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, plant physiologist, Iowa Exp. Station, Ames, Iowa. Dr. Bakke's report will be found on page 619 as it is too lengthy to be printed here.

The investigation was made under the most favorable conditions. Mr. Fred G. Bell, a sportsman most of the time and a grain operator some of the time, brought us to Lynxville in his sixty-foot cruiser "The Arbutus" a splendid and comfortable boat on which we lived during the cruise. The crew consisted of the learned Dr. Bakke, Ed. Prior, President of the McGregor Chapter, Dr. J. E. Webb, and our host Fred Bell, all friends of mine I hope for life.

Lynxville is a tiny village resting on some high ground in the Winneshiek. The sportsmen there turned out to a man and offered us the use of their launches and gave us every conceivable help. We spent three busy days in the Winneshiek country.

Boys, oh boys, oh boys, how I wish I possessed the genius to properly describe this wonderful Winneshiek

(Continued on page 623)

Emerson Hough, American

And Some Intimate Pictures

Editorial reprinted from the Saturday Evening Post, June 16, 1923

DEATH brought to a sudden close, on April thirtieth, the labors of a great and patriotic American. Millions knew that Emerson Hough had long stood in the forefront of American novelists, yet only the hundreds were aware of the devotion that actuated a long life spent in the single-hearted service of his country.

It is well within the truth to declare that Mr. Hough's dominant passion was love of his native land, her history, her institutions and all that goes to make up what we call America. Good citizenship is no rare virtue among us; but his was of a peculiar order, for his patriotism began where that of common men leaves off. There was something wondrously close and intense in his personal relationship to his country. Those who knew him best say that his vision and his capacity for feeling were such that to him America was a great, all-embracing personage, as it were, a benign goddess, or a kind and glorious mother whom as a faithful son he served with instant loyalty. Equally as her son, he had his part and share in her estate to enjoy, to conserve, to increase and to pass on unimpaired. All her pride of clean blood, daring deeds, great memories and fine tradition was his. Her rocks and rills, her woods and templed hills engaged his mind

(Continued on page 613)

Some of the Last Written Words of Emerson Hough

"Meantime if you really wish to save a little shooting and fishing for yourself and your boys, go out and do what you can to put two million members in the Izaak Walton League.

"When that thing is true, you will have won your fight. You will then see, safe forever, a great part of the most wonderful out-of-doors country that ever was put down on any part of the earth's surface.

"I should like to live to see that day but shall not. That is of no consequence. Others will—you and your sons.

"Join the Izaak Walton League—get everybody else to do so. Do your own thinking and then act."

League Wins Bass Fight in Illinois

ILLINOIS sportsmen answered emphatically the question "Are Black Bass Worth a Fight?"

On the statute books of Illinois now is written a law which says "It shall be unlawful to catch or take, or attempt to catch or take, or have in possession black bass, except between the 15th day of June and the first day of March, both inclusive, of any year, and any black bass caught or taken, except during the aforesaid period, shall be immediately returned to the waters from which taken, without unnecessary injury."

For those who do not believe in conservation, sportsmanship or the rights of the future generations the penalty affixed for violation of the black bass laws is a fine of "not less than $25, nor more than $100 for each offense, or imprisonment in the county jail not less than 15 days nor more than 30 days, or both fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the court." Incidentally it might be mentioned that the penalties may be applied separately to every illegally taken fish, in other words five illegal black bass, a maximum fine of $250.

The Izaak Walton League of America declined to accept May 25 as a proposed date for the end of a closed season on black bass knowing that the laws of nature and the findings of science demanded that there be no date earlier than June 15. Black bass are at the height of the spawning period on May 25 and well into June.

Accordingly an appeal to sportsmen entitled "Are Black Bass Worth a Fight?" was published in this magazine, an eloquent argument supported by facts was made in favor of this greatest of all warm water game fishes, and every possible method was taken to broadcast the information.

The Sportsmen of the state answered the question and the legislators who personally were not interested or did not care to be informed found it wise to heed the will of the people and vote to protect the game fish of the masses.

Every chapter of the League in Illinois (and there are now more than 50) waged its own campaign, conveyed its wishes to the legislators of its district and kept everlastingly plugging away until way near the end of the session the bills supported by the league became laws.

All of which demonstrates that a state thoroughly organized, with its chapters awake and aggressive and backed by a nationally organized league can secure any just conservation legislation desired. Legislators not in sympathy with sane conservation, legislators tied up by commercial strings or politically shackled fear to defy the voters before whom they must appear for re-election. Izaak Walton League chapters are composed of earnest, sincere sportsmen and their power for good is indisputable. The Illinois chapters have records of their legislators in this fight, whether they were FOR conservation, AGAINST conservation or just PASSIVE.

The Illinois Division, Izaak Walton League of America, stood for six principle additions to the fish code:

A closed season on black bass.
A resident fishing license.
A size limit on black bass.
A daily bag limit on black bass.
Retaining of fish and game department funds in that department.
Establishment of fish hatcheries and game farms.

Illinois Fish Laws

Passed, Signed and Now In Effect.

House Bill 794—New game code.
House Bill 795—New fish code.
House Bill 796—Appropriates $200,000 from fish and game fund for stocking and maintaining game, fish and bird preserves, farms and hatcheries.
Senate Bill 68—Appropriates $100,000 for establishing game and fish preserves for Northern, Central and Southern Illinois.

All of these provisions and more are included in the new laws, although numerous improvements are expected to result from the 1925 session of the legislature. A necessary closed season on black bass until July 1 would have been possible had not the bill been in committee so late in the session that a reprinting would have gravely imperiled its presentation before adjournment.

A compromise of 50 cents for a resident fishing license was reached when it was found that debate over the dollar fee originally asked for (and once abandoned) threatened to delay final passage.

From a scientific standpoint a size limit of 10 inches is not satisfactory as a bass of that size when taken from the water has not been permitted to reproduce its kind. At twelve inches a black bass has spawned once. Hence the minimum size which sportsmanship and science permits is 12 inches.

"Try and Do It" is the answer in most sections of the state when opinion is asked as to whether a bag limit of ten is satisfactory. With proper enforcement of the other provisions, however, the bag limit provision will before many years become an important section of the law.

A vitally important section of the new code closes temporarily parts of restocked preserved waters to permit recuperation and such closing can be accomplished by petition, thus paving the way for constructive cooperation between the League chapters and the state fish and game department.

For years it has been a source of wonder and chagrin to sportsmen and workers in the fish and game department that the funds secured through fines and licenses should go into the state treasury and be spent for general purposes, rather than remaining where they belonged. The fish and game department is one of the few state divisions making a profit but none of the profit could be used for department work. The new laws provide that department funds be used by the department.

An appropriation of $100,000 provides at least a part of the funds necessary for establishment of game and fish preserves in Northern, Central and Southern Illinois. Restocking of streams through hatching and rescue work now becomes possible.

An appropriation of $200,000 from the fish and game fund for stocking and maintaining game, fish and bird preserves, farms and hatcheries adds to Illinois' chances of restoring streams and fields to somewhere near their former glory.

Among the objectionable features of the new fish code is a section making it permissible to take mussels on June 1. Serious damage to spawning beds results from such early operations of "clammers" and one of the most important future activities of the Illinois division will be to have "clamming" prohibited at least until the closing of the spawning season.

Ice fishing for black bass is made possible because of the open season being from June 15 to March 1, but such fishing is made rather difficult and uncomfortable because of a restriction against use of any sort of a shelter which will exclude daylight or provide means of concealment.

Fishing licenses, it is understood, will be available about August 15 and must be obtained by all persons, male or female over 21 years of age.

Fishing licenses and non-diversion of fish and game department funds will provide, according to plans additional efficient wardens and proper enforcement of the laws. Chapters of the League are in duty bound to use every possible effort to see that laws are enforced and to report promptly any wardens remiss in their duties or wilfully negligent.

Illinois Chapters being responsible for improved legislation have taken upon themselves the patriotic burden of assisting in its enforcement.

(Important changes in the Game Code, endorsed by the League, were enacted into laws. The state was divided into three zones and efforts made to better protect wild game. A discussion of the new code will appear in a future issue of the Monthly).

Little Editorials by Waltonians

In which the sportsmen of America are urged to join the Izaak Walton League and subscribe to its magazine.

Help

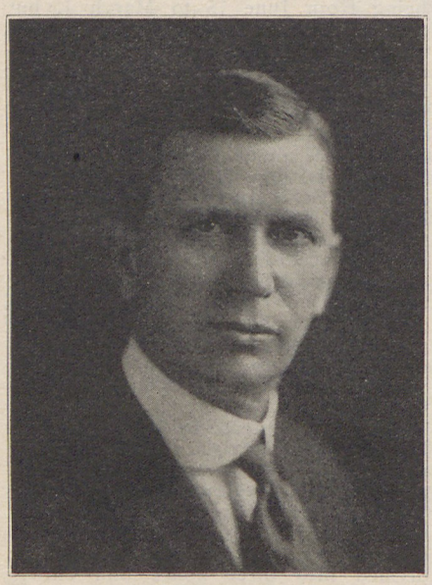
By S. O. CARTER
Detroit, Mich.

A SERIOUS danger threatens the American lovers of outdoor life, not only the sportsmen, but the agriculturists as well.

The pollution of our streams and the unnecessary drainage of lakes and swamp lands, with the idea in view of increasing the area of cultivable land, is all wrong. In most cases the assumption is false, that these lake beds and swamp lands are fertile, because they have bottoms of clay and sand which are without value for the growing of crops of any kind. The fertile soil of those that are producing is very shallow and soon exhausted and the sub-soil is without value for crops.

The people of America, particularly the land owners, often do not understand that the most useful function of these lakes and swamps is in serving as catch basins and reservoirs to hold water which they gradually give out during times of drought; nor do they realize that the straightening of the streams, together with the drainage of the lakes, hastens the run-off of the precipitation falling on that region, and that the rushing off of this water carries away with it the surface soil. The windings of these streams slow up the flow, causing the same to seep through the ground giving moisture to vegetation as it is needed and as was intended it should be distributed.

The industries of the country, without thought or care, drain all of their pollutions from factory and mills into the streams, destroying every vestige of fish life and polluting the water to such an extent as to make it dangerous to public health.



Dr. G. D. Webb, Pres., Will County Chapter, Joliet, Ill.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the clearing of the forests and timber lands has reduced and rendered our water supply very irregular. Now that there are no forests or timber lands with spongy floors to hold the melted snow of winter and the rains of the spring; with the creeks straightened, lakes drained, and those Damnable County Ditches, rushing the rainfall off with such force carrying the loose farm soil with it which is filling up the streams, that the ordinary rains cause these shallow streams to become raging torrents destroying life and property.

The carrying away of this surface soil is a calamity to the farmers of our great agriculture districts. The forests gone means less game, the lakes drained, and the streams filled up with silt from the cultivated fields, and with the pollution from our factories, we will have a gameless and fishless America within a very few years.

There is only one solution to this entire problem, and that is the amalgamation of all sportsmen's clubs and the organizing of all lovers of the Big-Out-Doors into one gigantic organization under the banner of the National Izaak Walton League of America.

The lovers of the outdoors must work in conjunction with the farmers of this country, and the farmers should cultivate the friendship of these people, for, without the combined support of each we will surely have no game or fish.

Do you want that grandchild or great-grandchild of yours to say, "Grandpa, do you remember when there were wild rabbits, squirrels, ducks and geese? And do you remember when these ditches, we call ravines, had water running in them? And do you remember when there were lakes and rivers with fish in them where everybody could go and fish? What do fish taste like, Grandpa? And say, Grand Dad, was there such a thing as ponds and sloughs where ducks and geese came to eat and swim?" Do you, the people of this great country, want to hear these questions? Just as sure as two and two are four you are going to hear them, if you do not do your part to assist in protecting our wild-life and wild-life resources.

The Izaak Walton Monthly, a magazine devoted to the interests of every lover of outdoor sports and to the interests of farm life in general, is the medium by which the people will be brought together on this great question.

You who are already members of this great movement, why don't you get busy and get your friends interested? You should work day and night to further the interest of your friends in that which is right.

You who are not affiliated with the League, if there is a "Chapter" in your city or town, connect yourself with it and DO IT NOW. If there is no Chapter near you, join the National League and get busy and organize one in your vicinity.

Sportsmanship in the Heart

By CARL C. COWLES
Council Bluffs, Iowa

IN the past few years there has been a general awakening to the fact that America's wild life is on the straight road to oblivion and as usual there has been much feverish discussion by the people and the legislatures relative to adequate laws to save our wild life from such doom. But legislating sportsmanship into the people will meet with no better success than legislating any of the various aspects of morality into the public. Sportsmanship comes from the inside, not the out, and to my mind there is but one way left and only one to save our game and that is by spreading the gospel of true sportsmanship as exemplified by the Izaak Walton League of America.

J. T. McVittie, Pres., Omaha, Nebraska, Chapter.

What is sportsmanship anyway? What the lure in it? What is it that leads men to expose themselves to the most inclement weather and at the most unseasonable hours that to duckhunting seems so necessary or the fisherman to travel hundreds of miles into the lake region of our north? Not the glory of the sunrise or sunset, for seldom does he see them but from the lake or duck marsh. Not the beauty of the great outdoors alone, for without gun or rod the lure is gone. And least of all is it the possession of the dead carcasses of the game. It is because the man who wields the rod or packs the gun on Dame Nature's placid waters or beckoning fields is a participant in a great and satisfying game, but the satisfaction in the winning of

It Is Important That YOU Read Cover Editorial

Haskell Noyes, Pres., Milwaukee, Wis. Chapter.

First President of the Minnesota Division of the Izaak Walton League

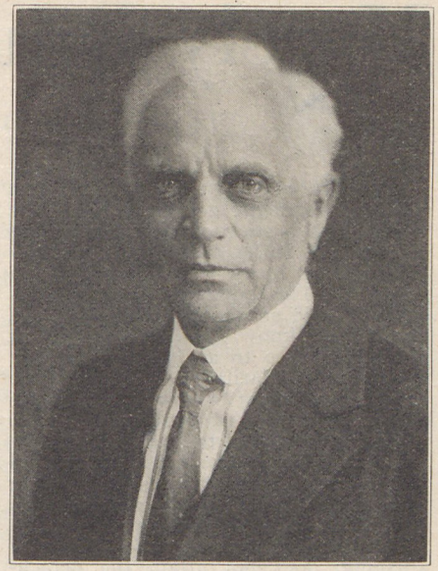
IN a country which, because of its haste, haphazard blundering along is the general rule, a situation wherein the exact fitness of things is recognized, is unusual.

It is particularly fitting that Deitrich Lange, St. Paul, should be the first president of the Minnesota Division of the Izaak Walton League of America.

It is exactly a logical situation.

Mr. Lange was president of the Minnesota Division of the old original League of American Sportsmen, the forerunner of all conservation bodies, which in its time, undertook reforms in regard to our wild life which, in their revolutionary aspect, have not been equalled since.

Mr. Lange led the fight in Minnesota for laws to prohibit the sale of wild ducks, and to do away with spring shooting. The laws were passed, Minnesota wild fowl hunting was saved, and the wild duck diverted from the path of the passenger pigeon, which it was in a fair way of following to oblivion.



Deitrich Lange, Pres., Minnesota Division, I. W. L. A.

As an active conservationist, Mr. Lange has been among the leaders for many years. He has fought hard and consistently for the forests of Minnesota, and was instrumental in the fight made by the Minnesota Forestry Association to have all state lands not suited to agriculture turned over to the Forest Service. When this was accomplished, Minnesota took a big step forward in the recognition of forest conservation.

Mr. Lange is at present president of the Association.

Not only as a conservationist, but as a pioneer woodsman, a voyageur of the north woods, as a naturalist and author of national standing, has Mr. Lange gained wide recognition.

A number of years ago Mr. Lange was far ahead of the thought of his time, in the matter of conservation. The closest approach the times have made to catching up with him came with the Izaak Walton League. Mr. Lange has fitted in with the ideals and purposes of the league as few living men can. He is by every standard the natural head of the league in this state. He fought beside Col. Shields in the League of American Sportsmen many years ago—and he is in the front rank today.

which is wholly dependent upon fair play, and a day in the open when your conscience tells you that you have not played the game fair is as devoid of lasting satisfaction and as empty, as victory in a game of Five Hundred when the cards are stacked.

To get the true "kick" out of the rod or the gun you have to create and have present the element of chance and fair play as applied to your particular surroundings and what is fair play depends on the individual situation. To the novice in the casting game a gang hooked plug might give a bass more than the long end of the stick, while a single hooked lure in the hands of an expert might give the same bass not a ghost of a show and the automatic in the hands of the uninitiated might give the birds a better chance than a single bore in the hands of a crack shot.

The legislatures may enact laws against the game hog as a last resort but there will never come that Utopia of the sportsman's dreams until the ethics of sportsmanship is self imbued into the hearts of the people and until individuals realize that there is no credit due to nor satisfaction to be gained by the "sportsman" who doesn't play the game fair and give his opponent sufficient handicap to make victory worth the winning or the game worth the playing.

"We Pledge Ourselves to Do Our Best to Restore to Posterity the Outdoor America of Our Ancestors"

FOR those who are blessed with an abundance of this world's goods and are willing to contribute toward maintenance of the work of the League the directors have authorized additional memberships. Your dollars will be wisely expended in performing the tasks of the League and bringing about the restoration and protection of the Outdoor America of the golden yesterday.

***Contributing Member*— $25 annually**

***National Life Member*—$100**

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***Founder of the League*— $1000**

***Patron of the League*— $5000**

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(Make checks payable to Charles W. Folds, Treasurer.)

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If YOU believe in this cause PROVE IT by signing and mailing this coupon

Merely Diluted Dynamite

By HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

Vice-President of the Outlook Company.

GO to the average angler and suggest that he might get more fish if he would drop a stick of dynamite in the stream and if he takes you seriously you will be lucky if you escape with your life. The dynamiter is on a social par with the sneak thief and the child beater. We know this instinctively, but we seldom stop to analyze the reasons for the unpopularity of the dynamiters and the bearing of this unpopularity upon our other angling problems.

When we come to think of it, we see that every advance in the method and ethics of angling has been nothing more or less than a gradual eradication of the spirit of the dynamiter.

The modern angler, when he goes a-fishing, does not attain the detachment of the Chinese philosopher who used no bait on his hook in order that he might not secure any fish which did not come to him voluntarily. The angler quite properly wants to get fish into his creel, but he voluntarily limits his methods in catching those fish for certain definite reasons.

1. He is merciful and does not want to cause unnecessary suffering to the game which he pursues.

2. He has the interests of other anglers at heart, and, therefore, will do nothing which will damage their fun.

3. He has the interests of his children at heart, and, therefore, will do nothing which will tend to destroy their future recreation ground.

Now it is a perfectly obvious thing that a stick of dynamite in a lake will do all of these things with suddenness and precision. The angler can see the effect of a stick of dynamite though he may be less observant of the even more disastrous effect of an open sewer. But he is gradually waking up to this subtler and more sublime destruction, too. Praise be!

It is a long way from a stick of dynamite to a gang hook covered with bait. But there does exist a relationship between these two instruments of destruction. The user of a gang of barbed hooks would doubtless throw you overboard if you put him in the class with the dynamiter. But the effect of a barbed gang, though in much lesser degree, is similar to the effect of a stick of dynamite.

The stick of dynamite is to be condemned not because it kills a particular fish, but because it kills all fish life in its vicinity, whether the fish are large or small. It destroys not only the old sockadolger who has maintained, by right of size, the lordship over his woodland pool; but it also destroys the sockadolger's cousins, nieces and children, and the minnows upon which these cousins and nieces feed. The barbed gang, and, to a lesser degree, the single barbed hook is certainly not so sweeping in its destruction, but it does destroy young fish life which must be preserved if our streams and lakes are to remain fertile. As time goes on, we shall depend more and more upon the skill of the angler for the catching of our fish, and less and less upon the deadliness of the instrument which he uses. We shall judge our tackle not by the question, "Will it prevent fish from escaping," but, "Will it release immature fish without injury?" This will undoubtedly mean the elimination of bait fishing wherever possible, and the total elimination of the gang hook and the gradual adoption of single hooks without barbs. The change will come to be not for sentimental reasons, but for reasons that are one hundred per cent practical. The barbless fisherman of the future will not be regarded as a more or less harmless faddist, but as a hard headed gentleman who has an eye out for his own future enjoyment and the future enjoyment of his children.

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And some of you boys haven't sent in your dollar yet!

We met Judge Landis, the imperator of the baseball world, on the street the other day.

"Confound you," he exclaimed (only what he said was different). "Why did you send me that Izaak Walton League Monthly?"

"Why, er—" we started to explain.

"D---- it, it kept me awake till after one o'clock reading it," complained the Judge.

If you have passed by the preceding page without signing the coupon, turn back, my brother and Sign Now!

The Outdoor Woman

By MARGUERITE IVES

"FISHING is a most gentle sport," said Dame Juliana Berners, who was prioress of a convent and wrote a book on fishing 600 years ago.

She indeed was an enthusiast, if you take into account the hardships induced by the voluminous and flowing robes she doubtless was compelled to wear, while we can go forth in the perfect comfort and freedom of good looking and suitable outdoor clothes. That's half the battle—then learn **how** to fish—**how** to cast a fly or a bait and to skillfully land your fish. Above all, don't just "go along."

Women will often say, "I don't like fishing—I tried it, and I didn't have one bit of fun." But if you don't know **how** to fish, of course you can't have any fun. Can you have a good time at dance, if you don't know how to dance, or at a fox hunt if you can't ride a horse, or at a card party if you don't play cards?

Competition is the soul of enjoyment, and if you will learn to be as good an angler as your Jack or Tom or George, you will acquire all the interesting competitive qualities unconsciously needed by a man in the perfect comrade. Not only will he like to have you with him because you're you, but your skill at his own game will as well add a spice of ever alluring menace—that record breaking 5 lb. bass of his may not be so impregnably a record after all!

And we women have special outdoor work to do in July and the following two or three camping months. And that, plainly, is "cleaning up;" not the relatively unimportant indoor house-cleaning of rugs and curtains and cream colored woodwork but that more important matter of helping keep God's out-of-doors a fit dwelling place for Him.

It is really more a matter of preventatives than remedies. The woods themselves cannot be beautified nor improved upon by man, but simply kept unspoiled.

The very people who would complain bitterly of the city government if the same litter were to be scattered about the neat alleys in the rear of their apartments in town, will journey out to the Forest Preserve, take full enjoyment of the out-of-doors it offers and leave it strewn with the horrid remnants of their luncheon, paper boxes, egg shells, fruit peelings, all the leftovers of the proverbial "picnic." Women whose favorite indoor sport is "redding up," men who will rouse themselves from the comfortable and drowsy perusal of their after dinner paper on the porch of a summer evening, to prowl around the lawn and pick up any stray bits of dead branches or wilted flowers, are sometimes the worst offenders out in the woods.

Not long ago I was raving about the splendid idea of our forest preserves and national forests,—which by the way, had the whole hearted and very materially helpful influence behind them of Theodore Roosevelt,—"but they're so untidy," exclaimed someone!

Not long afterwards, we were motoring through northern Wisconsin, the ever constant little trailer behind, looking for a camping site not too far from the highway. Stopping to inquire at a farm house we were told that we couldn't miss it, "You'll know it by all the camper's trash around!"

Such conditions are the result of just thoughtlessness, you say? Yes, but thoughtlessness to the verge of a selfish lack of consideration, of courtesy, of common fairness to the other fellow that is actually un-American.

It is a desecration which any true lover of the woods not only deplores and probably cleans up, but hotly and indignantly resents.

Let us have an Utopian state of self-government at least in this one regard. Let us each look upon the care of our woods as a personal duty and privilege; "one for all and all for one."

Newspapers, for instance, while a breakfast and street-car-ride-home essential in town are lamentably devoid of interest and certainly hideous to gaze upon, when sodden, stained and crumpled, they are found profaning the aisles of the forests.

And admittedly tin cans, bottles and paper napkins have their uses, but certainly not their place in the beauty gifted spots of our woodlands.

While I am not a rampant feminist I have a proper appreciation and esteem for the civic accomplishments of the last few decades of the women of America. If there is one thing more than another at which we shine, surely it is at "cleaning up." So let us hold fast to this thought of the retaining of every possible vestige of the forest primeval in our woods and let us, Outdoor Women of America, teach our children—and their fathers—and try our hardest to put "our Outdoor house in order."

MARGUERITE IVES.

Nan, the Girl Who Wintered in the Woods, has left her Li'l Cabin', but without a doubt some day the call of the woods will again reach her and she will return to her Valley O' God.

The Girl Who Wintered in the Woods

Lil Cabin O' Logs
Valley O' God
May

DEAR OUTDOOR WOMAN:

The road is still disgustingly mushy but so many things are revealing themselves here in our Valley, we are content for the most part to let the world go by.

Over by the silver-gray house, the south wind has kissed the mayflowers pink. Such a wealth of them, if you search the browned grasses. They send forth a fragrance that rivals the famous Coty and Houbigant and to me is far sweeter.

But 'tis not of the wind-kissed mayflowers that I wish to talk tonight. 'Tis very serious, oh, Outdoor Woman. Bring your chair close and listen with care.

I wonder if you know that the valley although as fair as any, if not more fair, is unlike all other government valleys. Yes, the government owns nearly all of it and in time will probably own all.

As I understand it, most government-owned lands of similar construction are welcoming people, with restrictions, of course. The lands are leased for a number of years, homes according to regulations are built. In fact Uncle Sam's attitude is, "I have a beautiful land, come, oh ye tired folk and find rest, treasure my trees, my streams and the wee folk therein. As long as you love and so cherish, this my land, so long shall you and yours find welcome."

Alas, here in the Valley O' God such is not the case.

Sturdy old farm houses, longing to shelter little city feet, are left to rats and decay or demolished at the whim of some minor government official. Wondrous pines hearing the tales brought by the winds, of weary, dusty, city-folk and of their healing 'neath other pines—long to have their chance to heal.

But why, you ask? (Continued on page 622)

Arms Failures in Bush and Field

When Gun or Ammunition Failed

By HUNTERS OF THE LEAGUE
Edited by M. L. GOCHENOUR

On these sweltering summer days, a hunting story from the cool, far North of Alaska, offers some respite. Fred J. Foster, of Neosho, Missouri, sends us an Alaskan deer story accompanied by some unusually good photographs taken in the vicinity of Lake MacDonald. They are passed on to you without further comment. To add would only be to cheapen.

IN WHICH AN ALASKA DEER RETAINS A WHOLE HIDE

LAKE McDONALD lies like an emerald jewel, snuggled in the verdure clad mountains of Southeastern Alaska. There are many such beautiful lakes along the Alaska coast; serenely placid bodies of water, ranging from small ponds to lakes many miles in length. Deep, dense forests of spruce, cedar and hemlock border them and here and there above the dark green of the forests rise lofty snow-capped mountains to cast their majestic reflections on the crystal clear waters of the lakes and bays beneath.

"Lake McDonald lies like an emerald jewel."

It was in 1909 that I first saw Lake McDonald, which lies at the foot of Twin Rift and Goat Mountains, fifty miles from the town of Ketchikan. For many months the isolated Government station located at the head of this charming lake was to be my home.

I was in my early twenties and had always lived in New England cities. With rapt and fascinated gaze I viewed the woods and waters of my future home! What dreams of game and fish thrilled my mind in those first days in the Alaska wilderness and in the months that followed many of those dreams came true! Some of them proved even more exciting than I had pictured in my imagination, while others had far different endings in which I returned to camp empty handed and weary.

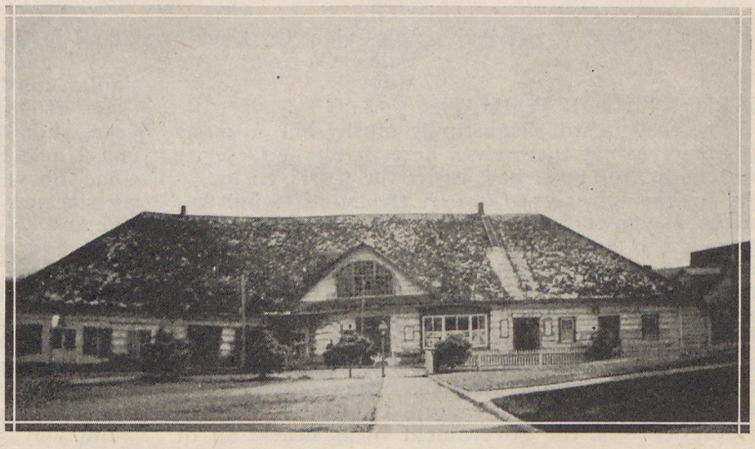
I shall never forget one of my experiences with Alaska deer, an experience wherein gun and ammunition failed. It was November; the long days of summer had passed and the sun shone only from about nine o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon. Snow had fallen nearly knee deep in the woods and freezing weather stilled the gentle ripples of the lake with a thin covering of ice. Hunting trips of more than a few miles from camp were abandoned and most of the game nearby moved to a distance, preferring to have the solitude unbroken by the occasional crack of a rifle or bang of a shotgun. It had been nearly two weeks since fresh meat had graced our bill of fare and "fresh venison" surely had an appealing sound.

On the day in question, I was working about a quarter of a mile from camp when the dinner gong sounded and upon reaching the "bunk house" I found a mild flurry of excitement. Larsen, a Norwegian, was more or less out of breath and perspiring freely. Ed Baldry, an old deer hunter from Minnesota, was grinning broadly, as Larsen related how he had seen three deer pass within a hundred yards of camp, had rushed in, grabbed a rifle, and literally "chased" the deer for the better part of an hour, as fast as his legs would carry him and the down timber and snow would permit. He ended his account by saying, "Yumpin' Yemminey—tose deers must be most played out, I run tem so far." This brought a roar from Baldry and a snicker from some of the other boys whose deer hunting experience was a little greater than that of our friend Larsen.

Clark asked a few questions as to the direction the deer had taken and found that after circling the foot of Bald Mountain, to the north, they had come back to the shore of the lake within a quarter of a mile of camp, where Larsen had decided to call it a day, and returned. Clark picked up his gun and said he guessed he would have a try at them. Baldry smiled and wished him luck, saying he would rather stay in camp as he did not fancy wasting his time on deer that had been chased for an hour, at least, not until they had time to forget about it.

After lunch I took my rifle, a Winchester 30-30, which arm was so popular in Alaska at that time, and slipped a new box of cartridges in my pocket—some I had received a short time before from Sheard of Tacoma, Washington, and had as yet not opened. I walked down to the "landing," thinking that possibly the deer might circle again and come by near where Larsen had first seen them, but upon reaching the lake I could occasionally catch a glimpse of Clark closely following the shore line of the lake on the trail of the deer which were just in the edge of the timber. He was at the far end of a deep cove to the west and farther from me than the point of land which jutted into the lake to the south and toward which he was slowly working. I realized at once that if the deer were not too far ahead of him, and if they continued to follow the shore line of the lake that it would be possible to cross the lake on the ice and reach the point before they did. Therefore, I started with all possible speed for the point, which was something over half a mile distant, trusting to "Lady Luck" that I would not get into one of those dreaded spring holes which were so treacherous during the freeze up until thick ice had formed. I opened the box of cartridges as I went and noted with some surprise that they were manufactured by the Savage Arms Company—the first I had seen of this make.

When within one hundred yards of the point, I caught a glimpse of the



"Old Russian trading post at Sitka—one of the oldest buildings in Alaska."

deer a little over two hundred yards down the shore and as I was out in plain view I decided it was best not to risk further movement. On came the deer and lo and behold, when nearly opposite to me, a good sized buck stopped dead still, in plain view—not a twig between us. He was looking back watching for Clark, totally unaware that I was within a hundred yards, drawing a bead just behind his front shoulder. At the crack of the rifle he made a startled leap and was off at full speed. The trees were fairly open with no underbrush and I secured two more excellent chances, drawing down carefully each time. I was confident I had hit him the first shot but had learned from bitter experience that it is best to keep on shooting until the quarry is either down or out of sight.

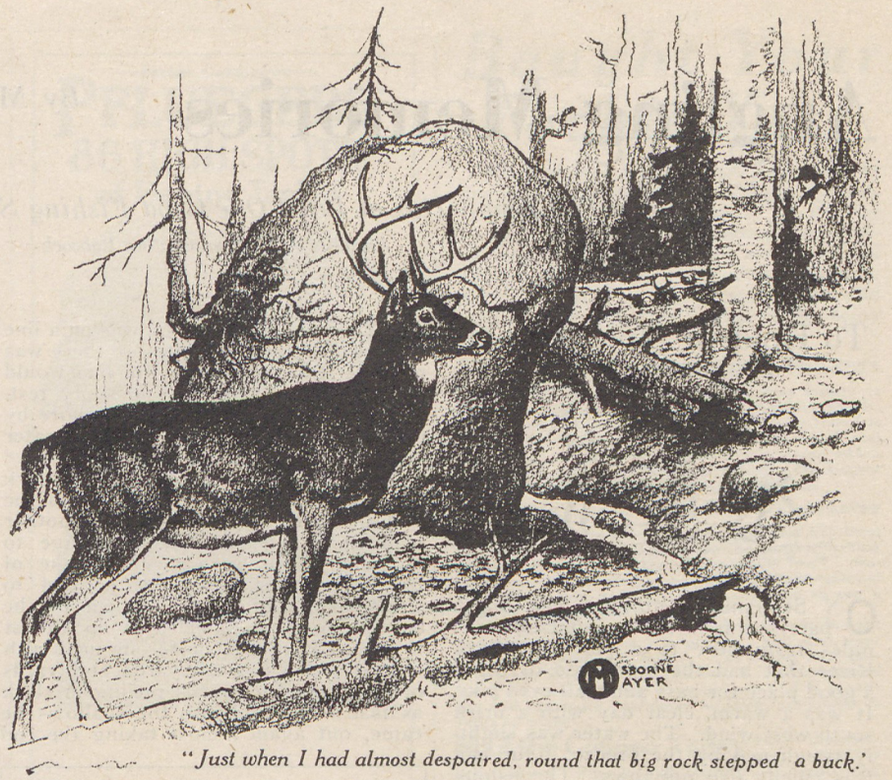
With pleasant anticipation I started toward the shore, fully expecting to find the deer down and out within a few hundred yards. To my amazement and chagrin not a single drop of blood or tuft of hair showed on the white snow. As I followed on the track, the hoof prints showed only too plainly that he was still in the best of health and leaving the vicinity with the proverbial speed of a frightened stag.

Some time was required to convince myself that I had made three clean misses. How in the name of the God of Little Fishes had that first shot gone astray? I finally started toward camp turning the thing over and over in my mind for an explanation. Had the sights of my gun become misplaced? There was no indication of their having been altered but that was the only explanation I could think of at the time.

I knew I was in for a razzing from the boys when I reached camp and was not disappointed. Larsen, in particular, was highly elated that my efforts had been no more productive of results than his. "Har! Har!" he balled, "You ban have one case bad buck fever." Superintendent Hitchcock also stated that I was seventeen kinds of a fool for attempting to cross the lake over such thin ice, saying that he had no desire to report a drowning accident to Washington. There was nothing to do but take it all in good temper and offer no explanation save three clean misses.

Ed Baldry, however, was not satisfied and got me off to one side saying that he had seen me mark a four-inch bullseye at one hundred yards too often to believe the story I had told. I then offered the explanation of the sights being out of place and he suggested that we try a few shots at a target. Placing a piece of cardboard against a tree, one hundred yards from the firing line and taking prone position, the barrel of my rifle resting on a sack of sawdust, I carefully drew down on the bullseye. "Never touched the paper," Baldry called from where he stood, behind a tree, near the target. I trid it again with the same result. "Something wrong," called Ed. "Come up to fifty yards and try it from there." I moved up my bag of sawdust and scored another miss.

To make a long story short, the Savage ammunition in my Winchester 30-30 would not hold into an eight-inch bullseye at fifty yards. I borrowed some Winchester cartridges from one of the boys and made five consecutive bullseyes at one hundred yards, which proved that the sights and gun were not at fault. The only safe rule to follow is to try at target or on the range, two or more cartridges out of every box of ammunition taken on a hunting trip, by firing them in the rifle intended to be used on the trip.



"Just when I had almost despaired, round that big rock stepped a buck."

That night as the full moon rose in all its glory, I looked out from my window on the silent beauty of the snow-clad forests and mountains. How peaceful it all was! I was content that the stately buck should be resting peacefully in some secluded thicket at the far end of Lake McDonald. At least, I had solved the mystery of why arm and ammunition had failed.

!

Oh, ye of little faith, read now the modest apology by A. Osborne Mayer, of Waterville, N. Y., which accompanied his third entry for this contest:

"I am submitting still another story for your department of the I. W. L. Monthly, together with an illustration of mine for the story.

"If you think it is 'crowding the mourners to publish three stories from one person you can return the story and illustration and there won't be any resentment on my part."

If Brother Mayer continues to improve as a story writer and illustrator par excellence, we will be compelled to graduate him from this department and assign him one all his own. His drawing is in welcome contrast with most wild animal illustrations that we have seen. It shows that he knows deer. But read his story and judge for yourselves!

WE were "going out" the next day at noon because it would be the last day of the season. We had not been very successful and were a little discouraged. The guides had not spared themselves nor, be it said, their "sports." We had all worked hard and at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of next to the last day we could not longer resist the desire to burn powder, so here we were potting away at bottles and cans found in the ruins of an ancient lumber camp.

Convinced that we could hit any bucks that aroused no stronger emotions than the empty bottles and cans, we started for camp. A little snack of "nutriment" sorta dispelled the gloom and weariness and when Len, the head guide, suggested another "go," Charley and I said, "You bet!" Al, the other sport, was feeling far from well and remained in camp.

When half way up Owl's Head, at whose foot nestled the little log camp, Len said, "Here is a dandy run-way. I planned putting Al here. Now who wants to stay?" Charley said to me in his usual generous way, "You stay here. It will be cold further up the mountain and I've got this heavy coat." Meanwhile Alfred and Joe, the other guides, were circling old Owl's Head in the endeavor to start something. Len and Charley had been gone but a few minutes and I was already wiggling my numbing toes in the little spot of bare ground I had stripped of its covering of dead leaves. (This was not my first hunt for Adirondack white-tail.) Where I stood the run-way crossed an old winter road bordering by a thick growth of briers, almost leafless now, but hard to see through. In front, the mountain sloped steeply away and far below there was a flicker like the flip of a squirrel's tail or the flash of a bird's wing. For five minutes, estimated, nothing more! Then again the flash and flicker, a little nearer, then the empty woods growing darker in the twilight of the November night. Now again that motion over 100 yards away. Then as I looked, with all my strength I breathed, "Deer!" But again it was gone.

About 50 feet below me was an immense boulder and the patch of brown color had moved behind this stone but many yards beyond it. I had the rifle at my shoulder to catch the buck (how I hoped it was a buck!) when he should appear on the other side of the big rock. But the woods seemed to be as empty as on creation's morn. The uncertainty and suspense of it all are not to be described.

Just when I had almost despaired, around the side of that big rock stepped a buck; and such a buck he was! Great

(Continued from page 625)

Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by WILL H. DILG

Every Fisherman Has at Least One Good Fishing Story in His System

Sketches by R. Feyerweather Babcock

To Hold or Not to Hold

By ROSS McCALVY

ON September 28th, this last fall a party of four drove about eighteen miles from here to a place in Black River that had the reputation of being a good place for bass and wall eyed pike. It was a warm, clear day with a brisk south west wind. The water was slightly roughened by the breeze. Our bait was chiefly live minnows. The fishing hole was at the foot of a long deep stretch of water, where the river was only about twenty feet in width and nearly as deep, with a rocky bottom.

We were using bait casting rods and our lines had seen use for two seasons. They were plenty strong enough for the bass and pike that were in the river and we had no idea whatsoever of connecting up with anything larger than a four pound bass or wall eye.

When we were all set for the fish, two of our party went up the river to fish in a pocket at the mouth of a small creek. Myself and a pal whom I will call Fred went to the narrow part of the river. About as soon as we cast our minnows into the deep narrow channel, we began to get strikes. After casting the live bait a few moments we set our rods and proceeded to fill our pipes. Just about the time the pipes were ready to touch off Fred's line began to sneak off down toward a big rock, then it fell back slack again. We struck another match to light up when his reel began to sing that same old tune it always does when some big one starts something on the other end of the line.

This time Fred struck and as he did so he knew at once what he had shaken hands with. He handed his rod to me with a "here, you take him." I reeled in my own line and then took his rod. At the first rush I thought it was nothing more than a big bass or a wall eye that he had hooked, but when his fishship headed for the big rock, I began to change my opinion about him. I managed to turn him back up stream; he sulked, the line grew slack, he was gone. I gave a quick jerk and took the slack, when the reel began to sing again. He was still on and making for the big eddy above. I knew he was gone for sure if he ever succeeded in making the eddy.

I turned him the second time and once more headed down stream he hit it up at about forty per for a few feet then clear of the water he came, four feet of shining sides and shaking his head as a dog shakes a woodchuck. When he made that leap my heart lost a beat or two, I know. That muskie was on a line used two seasons, furthermore there was no wire leader. I knew the line would not stand over twelve pounds dry test. Would I ever see that fish on shore by my own hands? Back into the water he splashed on a slack line, another race for the big rock, another spring back on a slack line and then down to the bottom, only to come up in another mad race, and send his challenge to me once more by a vicious shake of his head. His very eyes seemed to shoot sparks of anger. Down to the bottom he went again then up almost to the surface. He made one mad rush for me. Slack, slack yards and yards of it. I ran backwards reeling in slack as fast as I could into the shallows he came, out again almost taking the rod from my hands, back for the big eddy. I turned him, then for the opposite shore. Again I persuaded him to come my way. Another mad rush, throwing himself clear, and every spring he looked six inches longer. Would that old line ever hold? What kept him from biting the line in two and freeing himself? It seemed an hour had gone by since he had made that first leap. Would he ever tire of his mad rushes? The line grew slack again. I stepped back to take up slack, he was still on! One more made rush for freedom. One more leap to free himself from the hook and I knew he was beginning to tire. He made a few short rushes but only on a short line. I led him in to shore, slid my hand down the line to within a few inches of his head. Out he went again, I got him to shore again, this time Fred stepped into the water and I led the old fellow up to him. Fred got his hands back of his gill covers and lifted him out still showing fight.

He was hooked in the right lower jaw with the line running back of the gill cover and over his head, which was the reason he had not cut the line. In testing the line we found that no part of it would raise the weight of the fish off the ground. On arriving home he measured 41 inches in length, girth 14 inches and the length of his head was 10½ inches. His weight about eight hours after being caught was a trifle over 14 pounds.

THE first year of our Angling story contest ends with this issue. The names of the winners will be published in the August issue and the story winning the first prize will be republished. Beginning next month, the second year of the contest will start and all you Anglers, men and women blessed with precious Angling Memories, get busy and send in your stories. The winners of the fifty dollar rod and the four other prizes will assure you of its being well worth your while.

WILL H. DILG

Three to Two

By W. R. SHELMIRE

THERE is a lesson to be learned in every failure. This applies to fishing as to other pursuits. When you lose a big one apply the lesson by all means, but do not forget the philosophy of Izaak Walton—"How can you lose what you never had."

It has been my fortune in my fishing experience to have hooked five sizable bass. It has been my misfortune to lose three of them. I will say, however, that all five were caught on light tackle, and each has its own particular lesson.

The first was hooked in the Susquehanna River at the mouth of the Octovaro. The river here is shallow and full of rocks. The boatmen use long poles shod with iron, and become very expert in using them. The plan is to let the boat rest against a rock on the up side of the current, letting the bait drift down to the pool below. We were using stone catfish, which is the usual bait for this part of the river, I was using a little rod of my own make with hickory middle piece and tip. The bait had not gone far when a big fish struck and carried off some line, but soon turned and made for the boat. When the line tightened he broke water showing his magnificent proportions. Then he suddenly made a dash under the boat —the hickory tip snapped—the line slackened—the fish was gone. It may not be out of place to refer here to a bit of river etiquette. The boatman was standing beside me. He could have seized the line and saved the fish. His excuse was that he never interfered with

another man's tackle without permission. Perhaps he was right. However, I concluded that hickory, while very good for spokes, was of no use for fish rods. The fish was a dandy of the small mouth variety.

Number two was caught in the Brandywine at Chadds Ford, just above the railroad bridge. I cast across the stream using a small ordinary catfish for bait. It no sooner struck the water than it was taken. The fish used the usual acrobatic stunts of a small mouth and was in due time landed. It weighed three pounds, a large specimen for this stream.

Number three was taken in the same creek some distance above the dam at Chadds Ford. I cast across the stream from a stump on the water's edge. The bait, a small sucker, was taken at once. The line tightened and he broke water. Of course he looked nearly as large as a Whale but he was a big fish. Then something happened; my reel fell off, which so disconcerted me I simply stood dumb as I saw the fish make a sweeping circle down and across the stream and go under the very old stump I was standing on. I could have played him by stripping the line, but was too paralyzed for action. A man in a boat seeing the rumpus came over. I let him take the line, which he pulled till the gut broke. Then he drawled—"Well, I'll be——— that's what comes of using that blankety blank gut." I put him down as a fish hog. He was no angler. As for myself I was completely hypnotized. An angler has need of a clear head, steady nerves and plenty of common sense.

Number four was taken under peculiar circumstances. It happened also in the Brandywine a few miles above Chadds Ford where a large flat rock juts from the bank on the edge of a deep pool. I rigged up my tackle, putting on a bright colored fly. I think it was a Cheyney. The leader was moistened but the tippet of the fly was not. So I just dropped the fly over to soak—PRESTO, it was taken at once. He ran out to the center of the stream, threw himself in the air in a rainbow curve showing his bronzed sides and open mouth.

The picture of that bass jumping from the water in the middle of the Brandywine will long remain a cherished picture in my memory. On regaining the water he made a bee-line for the rock. When I tightened the line it came back limp and minus the fish and fly. I blamed the loss of this fish on the brittle gut. It was the very precautions I had taken that proved my undoing.

Number five was caught in a South Jersey pond, noted for its large mouth bass. These are probably not quite so gamey as the small mouth of running water. But they will give you plenty of trouble among the weeds and grass where they are usually found. This fish was taken by strip casting on a fly rod, using two large night crawlers for bait. He weighed three and one half pounds.

Now as a fisherman I consider myself a failure. The score should have been reversed. An expert could have landed them all. However, I had just as much fun as if I had gathered in the whole five for the frying pan.

And I have five angling memories that nothing can ever take away from me.

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The third generation of the Pflueger family is now actively engaged in the making of fishing tackle. The Pflueger slogan of "best by test since 1864" is not a mere empty catchword, but the ideal and standard on which has been built a business which is now not only the oldest but actually the largest Fishing Tackle factory in the United States.

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Your grandfather and his angling friends bought tackle made by "the Pfluegers". You and your friends are buying it today. The entire half century's experience of this institution is concentrated today on making tackle so good that YOUR grandson will turn with confidence to OUR grandsons in years to come.

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AKRON, OHIO

Gentlemen: Kindly forward my copy of "Pflueger's 86 High Spots."

Name.....

Address..

Emerson Hough, American

(Continued from page 602)

not as mere literary allusions, but as real and tangible items of the estate of which he was alike an heir and an administrator.

Some such conception can alone explain the urge and motive that made his life work what it was. Granting this deep conviction of birthright, heirship and stewardship, it is easier to understand why he fought for nearly forty years to secure proper protection for wild game, the birds of the air and the fishes of lake and stream. They, like the giant redwoods of California that he loved so well, were part of his and our inheritance, and it was second nature with him to make a fight to deliver what was his and ours out of vandal hands. Urged by like motives, he was among the first to perceive and to preach the wisdom, the duty and the good sense of putting under national control forever those regions of the West and Southwest that are unrivaled the world over for natural grandeur and beauty. In season and out of season, he claimed on behalf of his fellow countrymen the right to have these great national shrines set aside and sequestrated for the use of the whole people forever. He made his voice heard from coast to coast, and Congress heeded its echoes. The cumulative effect of his efforts was tremendous. For years he watched our national-park system with jealous eyes, and his voice was raised in protest whenever private enterprise or needless development schemes attempted to drive an entering wedge into the public domain.

Mr. Hough reasoned that to know America is to love her, and with the zeal of an evangel he embraced every opportunity to persuade Americans to get acquainted with their own country. Boundless was his contempt for those who rave over the charms of Europe without having first seen their own land. More than once we have heard him whimsically observe:

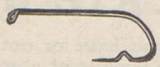
"You know they have named a lake after me. It is five times as large as Loch Lomond and ten times as lovely; but this summer ten Americans will cross the Atlantic to see Loch Lomond for every one that visits Lake Hough!" He believed that what America needs is advertising to her own people, and that simple idea was the impelling motive that underlies more than half his novels and stories. It was part and parcel of his intent to unfold for Americans their own past, that they may keep themselves up to the standards and qualities and ideals that their forebears set for them. We can name no living author who is quite so well qualified to do this as he was.

The transition of our immigration from what was mainly North European previous to 1880 to what afterward became largely Central and East European filled Mr. Hough with apprehensive forebodings, and he was among the first to detect the menace that we are only just now tardily striving to ward off

(Continued on page 627)

Jamison's Barbless Hook

Patented in United States, Great Britain and Canada



Help Save the Trout Fishing

by using flies made on Jamison's Barbless Hooks. The wonderful penetrating needle point hooks nearly every fish that strikes and holds them. If an undersized fish is taken it can be returned to the water unharmed.

WILL H. DILG

National President of Izaak Walton League,

says :

"I used your new barbless trout flies on a recent trip with fine success. As near as I could tell this hook holds the fish as well as any barb, yet it can be removed very easily without tearing the flesh or injuring the fish. I see no reason why any man who has used this barbless should ever go back to the barbed hook again."

EDW. G. TAYLOR

Noted Writer, and Angler and Fishing Editor of Chicago Daily News,

says:

"I am delighted with your new barbless trout flies. Have just returned from a trip to the Nemakagon where I gave them a good trial. I had only one of your barbless flies of the pattern the trout were taking but I took eleven nice ones on it and did not lose any.

As soon as you have some larger hooks let me know and I will have you make me some flies for bass and also for the large trout in the Nipigon river in Canada. I am anxious to give them a trial in these waters."

It Holds Too Good

We have even had complaints that this hook holds the fish too securely. That it is necessary to remove the fish from the hook with the hand as they do not seem to be able to shake it out. This is true. They do not find it very easy to shake out, but that need not bother you as the hook itself does no more damage to the fish than a straight sharp pointed wire would, and it is removed so easily that a mere touch usually does it. It is not necessary to harm even the smallest trout in the least in removing it.

We positively guarantee our Barbless Flies to give absolute satisfaction or your money will be refunded.

We realize our claims are very strong and sound "fishy" to many, but one trial will convince the most skeptical.

Made only in the twelve following patterns and in Dry Fly Style

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No. 8, 10 and 12 Hook

Black Gnat	Jamison's McGinty
Brown Hackle	March Brown
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Send 25 cents for a sample, or a dollar bill for four, and give it a trial. You will have the surprise of your life.

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THE W. J. JAMISON CO.

Dept. W, 739 So. California Avenue

CHICAGO ILLINOIS

One Hook Artificial Lure Sportsman's Angling Contest

Conducted by the Izaak Walton League of America and the magazine it owns and publishes

GENERAL CONDITIONS

1. Contest open to all fishermen "who feel like gentlemen and act like sportsmen." It is necessary for contestants to belong to the I. W. L. A. or to subscribe for the magazine it owns and publishes.
2. The fish must be caught with an artifical lure containing but one hook and with rod and reel.
3. Fish must be weighed and measured with a tape measure giving girth of fish (length to be taken from end of lower jaw, mouth closed, to tip of tail).
4. Each fish entered must be caught by reputable angler and must be certified to by affidavit of two reputable witnesses, which affidavit must be registered within two weeks from the date of the capture of the fish. (A drawing of the fish by placing it on paper and tracing the outline will be helpful to the judges—photos also will be helpful.)
5. It is not necessary to write a story to be published in this magazine to qualify for this contest. However, such a story will be appreciated and will be printed if well told.
6. Of course, no fish taken from private estate, or State or Federal hatchery will be considered.
7. With two or more fish weighing and measuring exactly the same, identical prizes will be awarded the contestants.
8. Competitors for the barbless medals must use a hook of the needle point type. If it is made by filing the barb from the usual hook of commerce, the point must be smooth enough to pass through a handkerchief without catching when withdrawn.
9. This contest closes December 15th, 1923.

ABOUT THE PRIZES

The first prize in each class enumerated below will (with the exception of the salt water division) be the choice of any bait or fly casting rod made in the United States.

The second prize in each class will be the choice of any reel (fly or bait casting) made in the United States.

The third prize will be a $20.00 camera, choice of manufacturer to be determined by the winner. There will be a first prize of a silver cup for each of the six classes of the sea angling division.

In addition there will be three I. W. L. A. medals for each class especially designed, bearing the name of the winner and the weight of the winning fish. The first prize winner's medal will be of solid gold, the second prize winner's medal of silver, and the third prize winner's medal of bronze. These gold, silver, and bronze prize winning medals will also be given to the winners in each of the six sea angling divisions.

In addition there will be a number of other valuable prizes donated by sportsmen for their favorite class of fish, and for signal achievements in the use of ultra light tackle, especially the use of barbless hooks. These prizes will be wading boots, rod cases, reel cases, sweaters, pipes, field glasses, and fly books, etc., etc. A list of these prizes will be given in a later issue. In no event will any prize be contributed by manufacturers of fishing tackle. Every prize offered in this One Hook Artificial Lure Contest will be a personal contribution from the donor having no interests in the sale or manufacture of articles donated.

ABOUT THE JUDGES

We have not yet decided upon all the judges for this contest. We can announce, however, that there will be judges for each separate class, and in each case ones highly competent because of their knowledge and experience of the type and species of fish which they will be appointed to judge.

AFFIDAVIT

I hereby swear to statement signed by me before two witnesses.

Kind of fish.....Weight.....Length.....Girth.....

When caught..... Where.....

Rod used..... Reel.....

Describe one hook artificial lure used .....

Line used ..... Lure.....

Caught by (Signed).....

Street .....

City ..... State.....

Witnessed by: (Give names and addresses.)

1. .....

2. .....

This is a list of the most valuable prizes ever offered in any fishing contest

It Is Important That YOU Read Cover Editorial

List of Classes in Contest

And qualifications for tackle to be used by contestants

BROOKTROUT (Salvelinus fontinalis)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

BROWN TROUT (Salmo fario)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

STEELHEAD TROUT (Salmo gairdneri)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Eastern Division)
Caught east of the Rocky Mountains between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Western Division)
Caught west of the Rocky Mountains between the official opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SMALL MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus dolomieu)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season and caught in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Northern Division)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season, in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California (onehook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Intermediate Division)
Caught in the States of West Virginia, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Delaware, Arkansas, Oklahoma, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Southern Division)
Caught in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and Louisiana, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SPECIAL HAROLD PULSIFER AWARDS FOR BARBLESS FISHERMEN
Special awards of gold medals will be given for the largest fish caught on a barbless fly in all of the above classes.

MUSKALLUNGE (Esox masquinongy)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

GREAT NORTHERN PIKE (Esox estor)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

WALL-EYED PIKE (Stizostedion vitreum)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

BLUEFISH (Pomatomus sattatrix)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

WEAKFISH (Cynoscion regalis)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

STRIPED BASS (Roccus lineatus)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

CHANNEL BASS (Sciaenops ocellatus)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

TARPON (Tarpon atlanticus)
Caught according to rules of Long Key Fishing Club (one hook lure).

TUNA (Thunnus thynnus)
Caught according to rules of Catalina Light Tackle Club (one hook lure).

When you win in this contest you may well be proud, as you will have fought and won armed with the fairest of all fair tackle, a ONE HOOK ARTIFICIAL LURE.

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Book of instructions tells in simple form with illustrations just how to do this interesting work. Colored chart shows 120 flies in natural colors. All tools necessary for even a professional. Material for making hundreds of different patterns. All packed in a heavy partitioned box with tray. Each, $25.00

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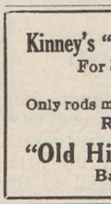

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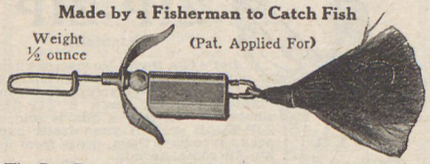

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WM. C. BAILER

405 Breckenridge Street Buffalo, New York

Labrador Salmon on the Dry Fly

(Continued from page 583)

And, as though my persistency had merited their affection, they were very pliant to me after that and reciprocated my attentions. But I could do little with the large flies as compared to the results obtained with the smaller sizes. Fours, sixes, eights, and even tens proved most popular with the salmon whether of the salmon or trout types. My first four efforts were with the Silver Doctor, Jock Scott, Durham Ranger and Morlan. The latter, a No. 6 trout fly, was tied and given my name by the late Harry Perce; and, strange as it may seem, this fly was the one with which I took my first salmon. It measured but 12x25½ inches and weighed 6 pounds. A "peel" as the Labrador natives designate grilse. But I was mighty proud of that infant just the same. During my stay I was successful with most all types of flies, but never was very fortunate with larger than a number four; and as a whole, the dry flies were actually the best killers. Silver Grays, Fairies, Butchers, Morlans, Dusty Millers, Silver Doctors, Coachmen, Cahills, Professors and Grizzly Kings were the happiest selections to mention both dry and wet types. Hackles were practically valueless it seemed and it was astonishing to get the only rise I had at a very large fly from an immense Lord Baltimore bass fly. But it was not a good strike and I failed to hook the fish. I was forever cured of buying any fly that was not tied on a hook with steel eye. It saves a lot of valuable time—and with some angler descriptive profanity. The water was wonderfully clear most of the time and, though it may have been imagination, I was positive I had much better success when I kept behind boulders, or low in the water, or sat on a rock instead of standing. And it was my experience that it was better to set the hook just a little later with salmon than with trout. When securely hooked the salmon immediately broke water and fought gamely and fiercely, but if lightly hooked, he was almost gentle in his play and usually sulked and bored deep in the pool as though he was afraid to be rough for fear of setting the hook well.

The salmon gets dark—almost black—after remaining a short time in the fresh water, and his meat becomes white, but the trout, while he gets duller and his spots much less brilliant, in winter, his flesh retains most of its color though a lighter pink. During the entire trip, I opine I averaged about one salmon for every hour that I fished. The last day was my poorest and I landed five salmon and three trout in eight hours' effort. My guides told me that preceding anglers were content with two to four and an occasional six salmon daily. They considered four a good catch. The record was held by a Yankee with a phenomenal day of seventeen, made in 1917 on wet fly, of course. My fastest work was most unexpected and unwarranted. It came one gloomy, rainy afternoon with a stiff east wind, and though I have never been able to explain it to my own satisfaction, I hooked, played and landed, nine salmon in one hour and thirty minutes, and with a five-ounce rod. They were not large—from seven to ten pounders—but a wonderful bit of continuous sport. Few of my fish were hooked in the tongue, not one in twenty, and I concluded from my experience that salmon about to spawn would not take a fly, but only those that were to spawn late in the year. I found spawn the size of peas in large salmon that had been taken by a commercial fisherman using a net. But those I caught had spawn about the size of a number six shot. I found salmon to be much less accurate in judging distance than trout, but possibly they like to "spoof" the angler. It was almost incredible the number of strikes they missed by their inaccuracy in striking. I have had three separate fish miss a dry fly within a distance of fifteen feet, as it skimmed over the water. And, as if to say, "I don't care," they would smash the fly with their tails as they darted past. I saw pools in Labrador streams so full of salmon that dozens were visible, sinuously milling in every direction, not unlike a swarm of bees in a clover patch. Several at the same time would be gliding up and down on the surface of the pool, showing the dorsal fin in exact imitation of the porpoise. In such a pool one rainy afternoon, I took thirteen averaging more than eight pounds, on a number ten Dusty Miller trout fly tied dry. Then a big fellow broke my hook and I substituted another, and succeeded in landing twenty-seven altogether, before nightfall. Next day I began about five A. M., and at nine-fifteen P. M., without having stopped to "mug up," I laid my fiftieth salmon on the bank, with eleven brook trout for good measure, and hung up a record for that country—and any other so far as I know—for a day's fishing with a fly rod. The salmon averaged between eight and nine pounds and the trout two and one-quarter pounds, approximating 450 pounds. This large kill was only justified by the fact that it was taken for my guide as a goodly portion of his winter's food supply. Fish not required for food were invariably put back unharmed. My rod was five ounces in weight and nine feet long when I began that morning, but twice during the day I broke the tip and quit at night with less than an eight-foot rod. Each break was speedily repaired by filing the splinters, applying cement

(never go without it) and replacing the tip. On with the sport! Let nothing prevail against it when they are coming like that for the only time in one's life. My line was a forty-two yard, "D" double tapered silk, with a nine-foot gut leader and ordinary light reel. Though I had many outfits with me including one and two-handed rods, I much preferred the light tackle and it was with it that I had the greatest sport. Most of my salmon ran comparatively small for the reason that I selected pools best suited to light tackle, seldom using heavier than a five-ounce rod. Larger fish are to be had, but they come less frequently, and I prefer many ten pounders with light tackle to three or four big fish on a grilse rod. And to go after the very large fish in the deep, swift white water with hundreds of boulders and danger spots to impede progress, it was imperative to success of the highest degree, to have more line than the light reel of a five-ounce rod would carry. Therefore, I caught fewer of the larger fish than was possible had I played for them, but I greatly enhanced my sport as I enjoyed it. I caught nothing larger than a forty-one inch, twenty-eight pound fish, and they claim to have caught them in Newfoundland as large as sixty pounds, where I fished the Humbermouth on my return. But my best effort there was a thirty-six inch fish of eighteen pounds and it was my sole catch in four days' hard fishing. That was late though, in September, and the season was over. Had I been there early enough I am sure the results would have been delectable—the setting is magnificent. Incidentally the only attempt at overcharging on the entire trip was made here by the first guide I endeavored to employ. I refused his boat and assistance and when the local warden and other guides learned of my experience, they were much chagrined that a local guide would do anything to cast an unsavory reflection upon their resort and they themselves did everything possible to recompense me, including the services of a competent guide. But no reference to a fishing trip in the northland can be nearly complete without including the mosquito. This native is working, not at intervals, but in three-month shifts. They have no union hours and offer constant night and day service. No slackers, no inadvertence, all work PAINS takingly performed, and no job too large, too small or too remote to receive their personal attention. Unlike our domestic mosquito which breeds only in stagnant water, the Labrador species hatches by seeming millions in mush ice and adjacent water. He will buzz up and escort you from the ship to any destination. The only protection that affords even temporary relief against this pest, and its voracious fellow myrmidons—the Labrador flies—is a large handkerchief folded and tied at opposite corners, placed over the head, covered by the hat and tucked in under the collar of a tightly fitting garment at the neck. Under this protection the Labrador wayfarer must cover his face thickly with ointment, for which I found the old reliable mixture of one part pennyroyal, two parts castor oil (to give it a body) and three parts tar, mixed in a mortar with no heat, the best. It is my opinion that Old Col. Cootie and the man who coined the word PESTiferous were former residents of Labrador. In spite of my elaborate protecting agents, I bore a striking resemblance to a patient with a severe case of Chicken Pox. But I demonstrated conclusively that salmon of this species will take a dry fly, and I prefer it to any other as a rule, just as I do for trout. Trout come later to these waters than salmon. The Brook variety weigh as high as four pounds and one is seldom caught weighing less than two pounds; and the Brown Trout here weigh as high as six pounds.

After such fascinating experiences as here related, and visiting two hundred and thirty-nine ports (stopping places) in Newfoundland and Labrador, all of which can boast of splendid fishing and shooting, I can not help but be forcefully reminded of the inhuman, intolerable, inadvertently neglected and deplorable outdoor condition of our own, our native land. **Not long ago every stream on the Atlantic Seaboard was teeming with such wonderful salmon as I went to Labrador to find, and today not one of those streams is the habitat of a salmon, save a lone stream away up in Maine.** I say it is high time and imperative that we, OF America, stop damming the streams and damn the sources of destruction.

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Your old friend bass, the scrappy trout, pike, pickerel and muskie are all biting "big" say resort owners up North.
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Pipe-Chats

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor, The People's Church, Chicago

THESE are days of realization. The days of anticipation have passed. By the time these words are read most of the lovers of the "unblemished sport" have wet their lines in the streams and lakes of our beloved land. All thru the winter we have been waiting for these heaven-touched days. Our winter fireside dreams are beginning to come true. Many of us in the long winter evenings have mused the hours away by giving fancy full fling as we made many a fishing trip from our favorite chair with "Lady Nicotine" as our companion. Some one has said that we had to have roses in December so God gave us memory. We have fishing trips to make in the winter so God gives us dreams. The forepart of the winter we are retrospective and live over and over again the summer days that have just passed but during the later part of the season as spring gently hints of returning we become prophetic and conjectural concerning days that are to be. The favorite pool recreates its charm with an appeal that is irresistible. It calls with a clarion cry across the miles—"Come and find what I have hidden away in my heart." The casting waters that have never failed suddenly are troubled lest they might be neglected this year. They have their secrets, too. The whole out-of-doors beckons. These are the days when nature dresses in her most alluring garments. The birds are singing, for they are love-making. Buds are bursting, giving promise of summer. The beauty of it all is the beauty of promise. The tragedy of summer is the tragedy of completion. The moment nature is in full regalia the pageantry is over. She does not remain stationary in her development. Only a few days between the full-blown flower and the fading. It is nature's way. Therefore these days to me are the most beautiful of all. Every day now is a day nearer the climax. So we must hasten to be out where their full charm can have uninterrupted sway. How insignificant seem the problems and troubles of yesterday. How feverish we were over the trifles. How important seemed unimportant things. How we fumed and became furious over the petty. How the "little things" upset and annoyed us. Not only were there the intimate affairs of our individual lives that seemed insurmountable but there were also the larger affairs of men and nations. The morning paper screamed at us of the world's nightmare. How insignificant these all seem now. Once we thought them important and more or less serious issues. But as I write this on my little Black Duck Island twelve miles from a railroad or an automobile in the waters of incomparable Lake Vermilion way up here in northern Minnesota these matters seem puny and unimportant. Poor old mixed-up world! How silly and ridiculous you seem! What a tempest in a tea pot! Why, that hermit-thrush I can hear singing to its mate knows more about happiness than all of your city captured folks. The silver lake, the star splashed sky, the wild rose, and the lonely heron—these by the immutable law of contrast teach us more of peace and happiness than all the sages ever can. If a man has lost perspective and is unable to properly weigh the various values of life, let him hurry away as soon as possible out there where things are real and true and where there is no hypocrisy or unfaithfulness. Let nature be your teacher once again. She will put you straight. Earth has no sorrow that she cannot heal. The little cares that fretted you so will all be lost in the solace and love that the out-of-doors can give. It isn't so much the number or the weight of the fish we catch or the game we kill that matters, it's just being **out there.** I am not a philanthropist. One has to have money to be that. This requisite forever bars me from that position; but if I were, I would spend every dollar I had in making it possible for every child to leave the city and spend the summer in the country. Sometimes, when I get to thinking of the tragedies that might be averted, it takes some of the joy out of my own three months in the wilds. The hope of civilization is to be found in preserving the out-of-doors. The social, economic and religious theories of men will not save this old world. Their inability is being manifested every day. But getting back to the primal and acquiring a new perspective will. So get out of doors at every possible opportunity. Take the wife and "kiddies" along. You will do more for posterity than if you wrote laws, built a factory or founded a church. Oh, well, I could go on for hours. But it is growing dusk and just about this time the fishing begins to get superlative. If any of my Walton kinsmen are up this way during the summer, just ask the first person you meet in Tower, Minnesota, where is the best place to fish, and if I am not there, you just tarry around for a little while for I will be there mighty soon. Then after a fish dinner that Lady Gracious can prepare with uncommon skill we will sit in front of the fire-place, light our pipes and with the true "love of comrades" let the "rest of the world go by."

Preston Bradley

SINCE the League's successful fight against the building of automobile roads through the beautiful Superior National Forest, we have had innumerable inquiries as to the proper outfitting for trips through the forest. There is not a more delightful outdoor trip to be made in America, and it has the added advantage of being exceedingly reasonable.

For Two Persons for Five Days

Clothing for Each Person

Toilet articles and towel.
1 suit light wool underwear.
1 suit athletic type cotton underwear.
1 pair light wool sox.
1 pair heavy wool sox.
1 pair heavy soled, hobnailed shoes or pac boots.
1 pair tennis shoes or moccasins.
1 pair wool or waterproof khaki breeches or trousers.
1 wool army shirt.
1 mackinaw "stag" shirt, or heavy sweater.

Individual Equipment

1 pocket knife or small sheath knife.
1 waterproof match safe.
1 can fly dope.
Fishing tackle.

Equipment for the Party

1 four pail nesting set, aluminum.
1 frying pan.
3 plates, aluminum.
2 cups, granite.
3 large spoons.
2 table forks with wood handles.
2 empty friction top cans.
1 folding canvas wash basin.
2 cans matches.
1 oiled linen poncho.
4 to 6 single wool blankets, or,
4 wool blankets, 1 wool comfort.
1 2½ lb. double bit axe, with sheath.
1 canoe, 17 feet long.
1 carrying yoke (important).
1 small can canoe glue.
1 tent, 7x7, silkoline, mosquito proof. "A" or wedge style only. Ridge equipped with tie strings for outside ridge pole.
2 No. 3 Packsacks (large size). Do not under any circumstances use anything else.

Food Supplies

5 loaves rye bread.
1 lb. butter.
½ lb. cheese.
2 small packages Creamettes or equal.
½ lb. coffee.
¼ lb. tea.
5 small cans condensed milk.
2 lbs. rice.
1 lb. prunes.
1 lb. dried apples, or desiccated same.
2 lbs. bacon.
2 lbs. pancake flour.
1 lb. maple syrup.
½ lb. dry raisins.
¼ lb. dehydrated soup vegetables, mixed.
2 small cans cooked beans.
1 small can cooking oil.
½ lb. salt.
1 small can pepper.
10 beef cubes.
2 cans condensed soup.
¼ peck potatoes.

All food should be carried in water-proofed canvas bags, with cotton inner bags.

EQUIPMENT AND SUPPLIES
For Two Persons for More Than Five Days

Equipment and Clothing

Same as on preceding page, but add the following:

1 extra pair heavy wool sox.
1 extra pair wool underdrawers.
1 mixing pan.
1 reflector oven.
1 small packsack.

Food Supplies

The preceding list is for five days, and holds good, with the following changes, for multiples of five days, if multiplied in proportion.

2 loaves of bread for the whole trip.
1 lb. of butter for the whole trip.
Cancel—potatoes, canned beans, pancake flour, canned soup, canned milk.
Add (for each five days):
1 small can baking powder.
2 lbs. navy beans.
1 lb. powdered milk.
7 lbs. flour.

All supplies, equipment, guides, etc., are procurable at the various points of entry, and it is earnestly suggested that advantage be taken of the fact that the local merchants carry complete stocks of necessities that are exactly correct.

The points of entry are Ely, Tower, and Grand Marais, Minn. Commercial clubs of these places should be consulted by those anticipating trips. C. A. Dahlgren, Supervisor of the Forest, Ely, Minn., will also give information and assistance.

Principal Fishing Laws

Trout season opens April 15.
Bass season opens June 15.
All other fish May 15.

Non-resident fishing license, $2, obtained at most towns, or direct from Game and Fish Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

Canadian fishing license, costing $5, procured from Canadian forest rangers along the international boundary, and required for fishing in Canadian waters or on the Canadian side of international waters.

Fire arms may be carried in the Superior National Forest, but since hunting is prohibited in the State Game reserve, the boundaries of which are the same as those of the forest, there is no need for arms.

Firearms may not be carried in the Quetico Reserve, Adjoining the Forest on the Canadian side.

Distribution of Fish

Wall-eyed pike and pickerel in all waters. Best fishing at foot of rapids and waterfalls, except in late August, then deep water is better.

Lake trout in most waters. Caught in shallow water near rocky reefs up to June 1, then in deepest part of the lake, with a spoon hook

Report of the Winneshiek Drainage Project

By A. L. Bakke,

Plant Physiologist, Iowa Exp. Station, Ames, Iowa.

AN investigation was made of the Winneshiek Bottoms between Lynxville, Wis. and Lansing, Iowa, on June 18 and June 19 to ascertain whether or not reclaimed land in this section of the Mississippi River would be suitable for the growing of plants or agricultural crops.

A description of territory in question comprising about 30,000 acres has been given by Harry C. Oberholser* in the last number of "Iowa Conservation" and need not be repeated. This area consists of many sloughs, lakes, ponds and islands which are wooded in most cases. During high water, this whole portion is flooded. In the formation of these islands, the basal portion is of course, sand. Due to the flooding and decay of plant material there has been a gradual accumulation of organic material, giving a rise in many cases to a fine stand of timber, principally willow, maple and birch. These trees are shallow rooted and fast growing. Scientific forestation and re-forestation can make these islands yield a considerable revenue.

In such an enterprise, there must be adequate proof that the reclaimed soil will produce plants that are of economic importance. In the growth of any plant, certain conditions are necessary, water, air, food material (mineral nutrients) and certain requirements as far as the physical condition of the soil is concerned. It is a well known fact among farmers that a soil giving returns in crops must have a sufficient moisture content throughout. If there is sufficient moisture for germination or early growth, there is formed a tender succulent growth, with a decrease in moisture as the season advances, usual case, following adequate moisture content during the early season, the shallow-rooted system is adequate; with a later drying out, there is a cessation in growth. The grasses or whatever plants are grown then become tough and fibrous. In many places in Iowa, corn land underlaid with sand or gravel "fires" or undergoes severe wilting and will not give much of a yield. It must be borne in mind that the growth of any plant is dependent upon the moisture it draws out of the soil. In tests performed at our own Experiment Station, it has been found that a plant uses the most water when it is about ready to flower or blossom; at the same time growth is proportional to the amount of water used.

In addition to water, oxygen is necessary for respiration, not only of the leaves, and stems but the roots as well. When there is too much moisture in the ground, there is not sufficient oxygen taken in for the use of the roots of the plants growing in these areas. A water-logged condition does not usually permit plants to grow. Corn planted in such a soil will fail to grow; young corn plants submerged for 48 hours are generally killed or stunted so that it is necessary to employ replanting tactics. It is true that certain wild or slough grasses may thrive in such places but these do not make desirable forage crops. And when we consider that it will at least cost $80.00 an acre to reclaim this land according to Oberholser, they must be made to yield something else besides slough hay. Residents of this section informed the writer that good land could be obtained for $125.00 an acre.

A soil must also contain certain soil elements, as potassium, magnesium, nitrogen, calcium, phosphorous and iron, to allow a plant to grow. There is no doubt but what there is sufficient food material in the upper soil layer to grow a profitable crop if the moisture and oxygen factors will permit. Still it must be remembered that the feeding portions of a plant is not confined to the upper soil surface but in the case of corn according to Weaver of the University of Nebraska, the root system may be as deep as eight feet. The root system of cereals may be four feet or more in depth. It is then, at once apparent that concern must be shown for the deeper layers. In good agricultural soil usually there is a clay subsoil which has a greater moisture retaining power than loam or sand. In this bottom land, the underlying sand has a less retentive power than the loam or silt above it. The results upon the growing vegetation are at once apparent.

Our agricultural plants will not grow in an acid soil. Of course, there are a few exceptions but these need not concern us here in this latitude. In tests made of the soil of one of the islands, it was found that the soil is acid or sour. Of course, if the oxygen, water and other physical factors could be handled so as to give good conditions for growth, it would be possible to treat the soil with lime. Such a procedure could be used for agricultural soils of our well developed farming sections: liming, reclaimed land in a section where farms are large, could not be recommended at all.

In summarizing the foregoing statements that have been made, it is from an agricultural point of view, inadvisable to drain this area for: (1) There is too much water and at times there is too small an amount of moisture for the production of plants. (2) The oxygen content necessary for respiration of the roots is during the time of saturation inadequate. (3) The feeding power of a plant is not limited to the upper seven or eight inches: in the case of corn, the roots may penetrate to a depth of eight feet. (4) The soil here is acid—our common agricultural crops will not grow in an acid or sour soil.

In any proposed levee or dyke system, there is always the danger of flood to the farms located in the bottom lands. This is well illustrated in a similar drainage project at Muscatine, Iowa. It must be remembered too, that much of the farming at Muscatine is truck farming. The section below Lansing, Iowa and above Lynxville, Wis. will not fall into this category. This last year, due to excessive rains producing heavy wet fields, it was not possible even in the best corn sections of the state to get this crop in until late.

The territory in question is, and gives every evidence of being of more value in its present status. From the fish alone, it has been carefully estimated that its value is equal to one dollar per foot of water frontage. This area serves as a resort for muskrats and for waterfowls of all kinds. These places furnish the proper kind of refuge needed for fish and, in fact are the best spawning grounds of the region. In addition this section serves as a water holding reservoir basin for the excessive waters of the river during the spring of the year and in this respect, protects communities and farms below.

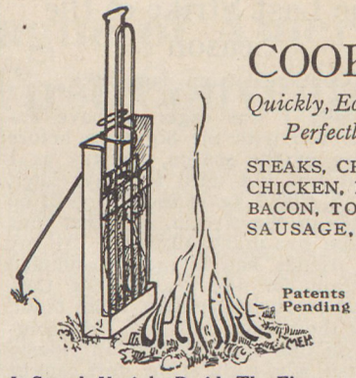
As the years go by there is coming to be an increasing sentiment in favor of conserving some of the things which help to furnish recreation and amusement. The establishment of great park areas in our cities, the formation of the Board of Conservation in the State of Iowa and the establishment of a number of parks in different parts of the state, are examples. Another movement which attaches itself to this is the Izaak Walton League which, although a little more than a year old, counts its members in the thousands. Pleasures which were enjoyed or are being enjoyed at the present time, must be conserved for those who are coming after us. This motive in itself should be sufficient to preserve such an area as the Winneshiek Bottoms.

In view of the fact that the reclaiming of the Winneshiek Bottoms is economically unjustifiable, on account of the prohibitive cost and at the same time will produce farm land of little value subjected to overflows and at the same time increase flood damages to sections below, will destroy the breeding place of water fowl and fur bearing animals and spawning grounds of fish, and erase forever the recreational features and natural beauty of this section, which we are now the mere custodians of and have no moral right to destroy or mar. It is therefore, recommended and urged that the Winneshiek Bottoms be left as they now are and that the drainage project be abandoned.

READ

The Drainage Crime of a Century (Cover)

* Oberholser, Harry C., The Winneshiek Bottoms Drainage Project. Iowa Conservation 7: 9-10, 1923.



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The Last Strike of the Season

(Continued from page 589)

Naturally I was eager to have another contest with the big trout before the close of the season, but try as I might it was not until ten days later, May 30th, that I again found myself on the banks of the stream. By that time the season was practically over. All my fishing friends had already abandoned the stream for the season, but then they had no such incentive, a big trout, to draw them back as I had. My companion on this occasion was an elderly gentleman, who right at the start caught a small trout. But we fished all morning downstream without either of us getting another strike. This, however, did not worry me much, for in my present state of mind nothing less than the big trout would satisfy my expectations.

But it was not until the afternoon that I again stood on the bank of the meadow pool wherein lived and reigned the big trout, to catch which was at present my main object in life. However, to all my overtures there was no response from the trout, and so finally, after an hour's hard fishing, I realized it was useless to continue the heart-breaking farce any longer, so gave it up. The season was really over, and the big trout so far as I was concerned was sure of his freedom for at least ten months more.

Sadly I turned from the pool to retrace my steps upstream to the waiting automobile, and then home. Then I happened to remember that on my last visit to the stream I had had a strike in the Lost Trout Pool,—my thoughts having been so absorbed by the big trout that for once I had forgotten all about this pool. As it was only a short distance downstream, I faced about and went down to it to give it a last going over for the season. The water was low, and the pool had a long-drawn out and emaciated look, but still fascinatingly beautiful as it lay there in the deep shadow of the hill, against the base of which it was formed.

Wading out into the riffles just above the pool, I twice let out my line as far as the water would carry it, and had started it down for the third and last time when I unexpectedly got a strike. It was just an ordinary little strike, and did not mean much to me until I struck and felt the weight of the trout as it started on a mad rush downstream, then realized that I had hooked a big trout. All a-trembling I stood still, content to let the trout run its course as it shot downstream, with the line cleaving the water like an arrow. For a moment or so I stood there in a perfectly happy frame of mind till I accidentally glanced down and saw to my horror that the line was almost stripped from the reel.

In an emergency of this kind there was but one thing to do—I hot-footed it down the bank after the fleeing trout, and almost immediately was halted by a danger signal that loomed up a short distance ahead of me. A sycamore standing back on the bank had been undermined by high water, and now tottering to its fall leaned perilously low over the stream. To pass beneath this tree it was necessary to lower the rod to the level of the stream, and in doing this there was great danger of entangling the line in the branches, some of which almost swept the surface of the water. However, by careful maneuvering, I avoided this trouble, though my heart stood still more than once as the line dropped down on twig or leaf. With the rod now on the level, there was further danger of the trout stripping the reel. To prevent this, if possible, I darted quickly beneath the tree, but on the other side was dismayed to see the line lying limp on the water. Had the trout gotten away? Quickly reeling up the slack, I was greatly relieved to find that the trout was still on the hook.

There now began a series of short runs on the part of the trout—I stirring him up every time he halted—that carried us farther downstream. Finally, after making a short run, he stopped and at once became immovable. As I could see the line leading out to a large boulder, the shadowy outline of which showed deep down beneath the surface, I had no doubt but that the trout had sought protection beneath it. How to get him out was the question. Time and again I put on all the strain the tackle would bear without budging him an inch. At last, not knowing what else to do, I seriously thought about going into the stream after him, but the water was too deep for that. Then I thought about my companion upstream. If he would only happen along, he might be able to wade far enough out into the stream to rout the trout with a long stick. But, having given up the fight, my companion at that very moment, unknown to me, was coiled up half-asleep in the automobile, impatiently awaiting my return. Even if I succeeded in routing the trout I saw danger ahead; for more than likely after such a long rest, he would make another wild dash for liberty. In that case, if he went downstream, on account of the high bank, which was lined with bushes and topped by a wire fence, it would be impossible to follow him, and this would mean a stripped reel and a lost fish. Then if he went upstream, the leaning sycamore with its leaves and branches was almost sure to snarl the line and free the trout.

But whatever the outcome might be, it was imperative to rout the trout in some way, and so, experimentally, I moved a few feet downstream, lowered my rod to the surface of the water, and tried to pull him out with main strength and awkwardness, but no result. Then I went back to my former position, feeling perfectly helpless. I was at the end of my resources, and what my next move should be I did not know. As I stood there debating the subject, I happened to think that possibly after all the trout had gotten away and I had merely a fastened hook. To satisfy myself on this point, I gave the line a strong pull, at the same time peering deeply into the water, and saw something that gladdened my heart; I saw that the line ran across the top of the boulder, and not beneath it, as I had supposed. I elevated my rod at once, and by a to and fro motion of the tip, began a series of little jerks that soon had a telling effect on the trout. At first I felt him relaxing his hold, and then suddenly he bolted toward me with all the speed that fin and tail and fish energy could create. Believing he had started out on a long run, and thinking about the high bank below me and the sycamore above me, on the spur of the moment I decided, as he was headed my way, to keep him coming until his own momentum, aided by my efforts, had safely landed him. To do this, however, it was necessary to have as short a line as possible, and finding I could not take up the slack fast enough, I ran back on the bank, and at the proper moment, before he had time to change his course, gave a little jerk, followed quickly by a second one, that carried him to safety high and dry on the bank.

The first glance told me that it was much larger than any trout the fat man or the lean man or any of my friends had ever caught, and the world at once became rosy hued and softly tinted with splendor. I could have danced, I could have shouted a battle-cry of vistory—I felt like doing both—right there and then. But instead, suppressing my elation, I kept repeating to myself the dominant thought in my mind, "I've got 'em beaten! I've got 'em beaten!"

And what a magnificent fish it was to have been caught with the last strike of the season! It measured twenty-two inches, and weighed, several hours later, three and a half pounds. History relates that the battle of Thrasymenus was so fiercely contested that the combatants—Romans and Carthaginians—were entirely unconscious of a destructive earthquake that took place while they fought. Well, an earthquake would have had to have knocked me down or stood me on my head if I had paid any attention to it while playing that trout, so greatly engrossed was I with the matter in hand.

And when I carried the trout home that evening and was exhibiting it to an admiring crowd on the street, and the fat man and the lean man came up, peered silently at it a moment, then slunk away in despair, my triumph was complete. But they are only biding their time. Even now as I write they are making preparations to clip the little ringlets of glory from my brow next season. In the meantime I am enjoying my triumph, and if there is a trout fisherman in the land who has sweeter memories of the past season than I, he is to be envied indeed.

The Trail

By William Haskell Simpson

THE trail was there,
And it is gone;
And gone are they
Who went that way....

Yet are they tramping,
At the dawn;
And this their camp,
At close of day.

The shaggy-maned
Rush by, in fear—
Or is it gallop-winds
We hear?

Platform of the Izaak Walton League of America As Adopted by the League at Its First Convention

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for national and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. We advocate the broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over the forests of the United States and dependencies, this system to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Full recognition of the fact that the recreational values of forests and streams surpass the commercial values.

5. Due consideration of the disastrous results of indiscriminate drainage projects and the obstruction of natural water courses.

6. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

7. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

8. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game fishes from inland waters.

9. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes.

10. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

11. To endorse the recommendations of zoologists who recognize the critical need of building a sufficient number of biological experiment stations by the Federal Government and by the several States, so that the aid of scientifically trained men may always be available to pass upon the natural conditions of waters and the proper species of fishes to be planted therein.

12. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

13. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

14. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

Pollution

(Continued from page 577)

I did not deny the soft impeachment, but explained that politics was the last qualification that I considered in any candidate for the position.

I also told the Governor that upon receiving an application for appointment that I took a great deal of pains to investigate the ability of the candidate for the position, his standing and reputation in his community, without any reference to his politics, and in the last analysis to appoint the best man regardless of his political affiliation. The Governor agreed that I was right.

THE SITUATION IN OHIO

By Nodiah A. Hutchens
President Toledo Chapter

CONSERVATIONISTS in Ohio view with great concern the uncertain future as related to the propagation and protection of fish and game.

Generally speaking, the streams of Ohio discharge either into Lake Erie on the north or the Ohio river on the south. At some points, usually in the lower stretches, practically every stream in the state of Ohio is polluted by industrial waste or domestic sewage and in most cases by both elements. The Maumee and Sandusky rivers are typical of nearly all of the large streams, and pollution has reached such a degree in those sections near the point of discharge into the Maumee and Sandusky Bays that game fishes have been completely driven out and even the lowly carp cannot live long in the contaminated waters.

The two rivers mentioned have many tributaries which, like the rivers, still afford fair fishing for bass and pike over stretches of miles and miles in extent, but like their larger brothers most of these smaller streams have, near their mouths, a condition of pollution which amounts to a barrier against migrations of game fishes from the lake, and it is, therefore, true of all such streams that they are not annually restocked by spawning migration from the lake by reason of the barrage of pollution through which game fish will not pass, excepting in limited numbers, pickerel which will attempt the annual trip to gravel bars and running waters.

The annual hatch of game fishes in these pollution-bound rivers has for many years been insufficient to replace the annual toll exacted by anglers, poachers and natural enemies. The pitiful fact must be recognized that pollution is steadily and rapidly increasing and the game fishes in our rivers are just as rapidly diminishing.

Sportsmen's organizations have in the present and the last preceding sessions of the general assembly sponsored two anti-pollution bills, which were defeated by powerful industrial lobbies.

The situation is extremely grave and so serious that it should not be discussed violently, but should have the earnest thoughtful consideration of every citizen of the state who believes that the presence of game fish in the streams of the state is desirable.

Waltonians who have read Harold T. Pulsifer's essays on angling with barbless hooks will enjoy

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About Our Forests

(Continued from page 585)

on a basis of results obtained by other nations, these lands IF MADE REASONABLY PRODUCTIVE WILL SUPPLY THE TIMBER REQUIREMENTS OF THE NATION IN THE YEARS TO COME.

As the United States is still a new country the per capita consumption is necessarily higher than in the older countries, but comparisons seem to indicate that there is some leeway here for us. Our per capita consumption was about 230 feet board measure in 1850, increasing to 430 feet in 1913. Then the war curtailed production and it fell to 300 feet board measure in 1918. At the outbreak of the war Germany had a per capita consumption of at least 150 feet board measure, while England's was not much less regardless of the fact that she had to import at considerable cost about ninety-five per cent of her requirements. Supply and demand as reflected in prices will no doubt sway the per capita consumption within limits, but a country in which the development is so incomplete as it is in ours today certainly would be decidedly retarded in its progress by a shortage of timber.

To continue, without serious interruption, our remarkable march of progress, which has continually raised the standard of living and made the luxuries of yesterday the necessities of today, we must solve this great forest problem that confronts us. Embracing as this problem does considerations that are peculiarly individual it bids fair to be the biting of granite if we depend upon individuals for the solution, as it will yield best, in the early stages at least, to a larger handling by the government and the great corporations, both of which are perpetuating, and are keenly interested in the supplies of wood for fifty, one-hundred, and many hundreds of years ahead.

25c 1923 **Old Fisherman's Calendar**

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Springfield, Mass.

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The Girl Who Wintered in the Woods

(Continued from page 609)

And so I ask, are those at Washington deaf to the cry of the farm-houses, deaf to the longing of the pines—Ah no. 'Tis not Uncle Sam. In their intricacy of detail they are stifling those cries, because the pines fail to make themselves heard above the voices of the government minions in immediate power over the valley.

The attitude is, we do not want anyone here and we will do nothing to help or make it safe for those wishing to answer the call of the pines.

Before it is too late, let us hope for, strive for, and win justice for our beloved Valley and any other valley so situated.

Adios,
NAN.

Son and the dogs, Nan's sole companions in the wilderness.

Li'l Cabin O'Logs,
Valley O'God,
Late May.

Dear Outdoor Woman:

Yesterday I went and gathered a wealth of lilacs. Close to the foundation of a farm-house, that was, I found them. And this afternoon I went to the old cemetery by Dearest Ladye's and offered them to the long gone Valley folk.

Little Marion Keeney, a fisherwoman in the making.

The road is free of winter at last. The world outside may come and go at will, Nan is in the wilderness alone, no longer, as the camps are beginning to open their long shuttered eyes.

The year, almost, has been long I admit, yet again it seems but yesterday that we all John Henried into the Valley.

The four seasons have come and three of them have gone; of all, I believe winter, tho most difficult, was most wonderful.

My play time, my perfectly free to do when and as I willed time is over. I must go back among people, must take up the thread the old ladies are weaving and Carry On. I don't believe I want to.

Mrs. M. S. Mitchell, of New York, an enthusiastic outdoor woman.

But the lessons that only Nature can teach and that I have learned here in my wilderness, those I shall always have. Son has been born anew and his mother has "just about," to quote him.

To you, dear friend of the Out of Doors, who have been such a faithful correspondent, much is due.

I have found that peace that passeth all understanding and I have had to go thru that, which I never dreamed any one woman could, to attain it. I have also found something beyond all of Midas' gold, but that is another story. For a bit I want to live and revel in it, then I will share my wealth with you.

Just one bit of advice, if ever the world seems all wrong go to the wilderness and learn of the true world as God meant it to be, clean and worth while.

Adios,
NAN.

The Drainage Crime of a Century

(Continued from page 601)
country and the paradise it is for the fisherman and hunter. God never made anything more beautiful. He made it, my brothers, for men like you and me. He intended it to be just what it is—a playground for His children forever and now the nickel and dime chasers would drain off all those running waters—

No wonder Capt. C. F. Culler, Superintendent of the Rescue Crews of the Bureau of Fisheries, actually wept when he heard that the Department of War had issued a permit to drain the Winneshiek country. Only last year he and his men rescued along the Upper Mississippi three hundred and thirty-nine million food and game fishes, and he writes, **mostly game fishes.** Capt. Culler knows that the Winneshiek is the queen pearl of the Upper River and like every decent sportsman along the river he burned with helpless indignation when he learned that the Winneshiek country was to be **crucified.**

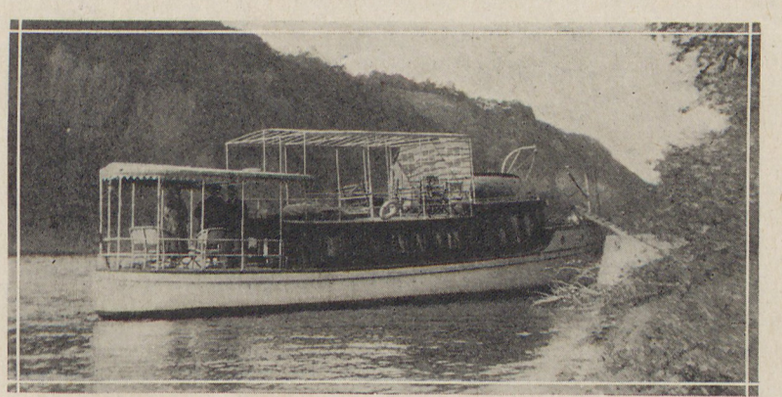
Now, my brother sportsmen, please keep in mind the League's Superior National Forest victory and do not forget the advice Secretary of Commerce Hoover gave us. I'm going to repeat his words here—they follow: "And until THE PEOPLE CARE and let their State Governments and the National Government KNOW THAT THEY DO CARE it is useless to attempt to get anywhere with pollution or any Outdoor America legislation."

Of course, I know **every red-blooded man of you** wants to help the Izaak Walton League of America stop the drainage of the Winneshiek bottom lands and to register his protest against all drainage along the beautiful Upper Mississippi river.

It will cost you a two cent postage stamp—a sheet of paper—an envelope and five minutes of your time. I want you to write a letter to the President of the United States so that he may know just what the American sportsman thinks of this drainage scheme. President Harding will be glad to hear from you, I know. No man is too great, nor too little, nor too rich, nor too poor, nor too busy to respond to this appeal. If you are too busy to write, clip out the letter in the box on this page and mail it to the President, and get every man and woman you know to do the same. **"Let George Do It"** won't do this time, you have got to do it yourself OR IT WON'T BE DONE—again, I'm not arguing with you, my brothers—**I'm telling you.**

Lost Man's Slough in the Winneshiek.

those ponds and lakes and all those scores of little rivers. Think of the most beautiful lowlands your mind can picture. Dream of every kind of wild swamp flower, including the lotus beds, and don't forget the wild rice fields and the waving swamp grasses billowing in the breezes. Think of the rushes and the willows and the water trees and the wild grape vines, and above all the birds—not forgetting the black birds with their soft flute-like wake up notes as morning breaks. But what's the use, if you love a swamp just as does every hunter and fisherman ever born, then you know just what I mean—one can **feel** such places as is the Winneshiek but one can't describe them. Even as no man has ever been able to adequately picture the Grand Canyon in words so no man can describe the Winneshiek.



The Arbutus, owned by F. G. Bell, in which we made tour of investigation.

Letter To the President

President Warren G. Harding,
White House, Washington, D. C.
Dear Mr. President:

Please do what you can to stop the drainage of the Winneshiek bottom lands which lie along the Upper Mississippi river between Lynxville and De Soto, Wis.

Please also do what you can to urge our next National Congress to purchase all of the Upper Mississippi river bottom lands lying between Lake Pepin, Minn., and Rock Island, Ill., so that they may become forever a National Preserve. These regions are, as your Commissioner of the Bureau of Fisheries will tell you, the most prolific breeding grounds for all warm water food and game fishes (especially black bass) in our country. Should these river lands be owned by the nation and then properly protected **billions of game fishes would annually result and these could be used to restock our lakes and streams everywhere.**

The Upper Mississippi country is a natural feeding ground for all kinds of wild fowl. It is also a paradise for song birds and for all species of fur bearing animals.

I ask this not so much for myself as I ask it for the youngsters of today and for the boys of the future—who represent our country's TOMORROW.

With all best wishes,
Yours for Outdoor America,
Signed.....
Address.....

Do It Now!

Charles J. Iven *and* His Minus a Mouthful Diamond Button Tarpon

FOR five years, season after season, Charles J. Iven of Rochester, N. Y. has gone tarpon fishing hoping earnestly to catch a tarpon over 150 lbs. on light tackle. Last winter he caught the above fish after an hour's fight, but a shark nipped off a mouthful estimated at 32 lbs. so that the part of the fish that was finally landed weighed but 138 lbs., 12 lbs. short of a diamond button fish. Mr. Iven has caught a silver button tarpon and also a gold button tarpon and only this untoward "mouthful" prevented his winning the coveted diamond button. However, we want to congratulate Mr. Iven on his sportsmanship—his undaunted attempt year after year to land a tarpon of this size on very light tackle. You'll do it yet, Brother Iven.

A Day on Izaak Walton's Favorite Little River

(Continued from page 573)

from some inanimate object. Nor was his hiding place approachable . . . the water being too deep to wade . . . so after some time I increased the strain gradually till something gave and I brought up the fly embedded in a big lump of moss. Registering a vow that in future I would sooner break than give a fish in this dour pool any law, I replaced the ragged point and moved through the wood to more open water. It now started to rain, gently at first but quickly getting heavier. Putting on my waterproof I walked towards the old stone bridge and scanned the big pool below it. Here dwells a big trout, fished for many times and hooked twice this year,—once in June when he carried away a Mayfly as a souvenir of our meeting, and later, when on a wet September afternoon he sucked down a big Tup and fighting hard all down the 40 yards of the pool he was brought to the very edge of the net when the fly worked out. So exhausted was he by the struggle and so motionless did he remain for a moment, that I was guilty of an unsportsmanlike attempt to enclose him in the net. I am now thankful that I failed and indeed I met at once with well merited punishment, for in making the attempt I overreached and stumbled and got thoroughly soaked!

The surface of the bridge pool was now beaten by heavy rain, which also beat down the few spinners in the air and an occasional rise showed that fish were feeding. Whilst attaching a sherry spinner to my point I kept watch for a rise near the far buttress of the bridge where I had previously encountered my fat friend. At length a quiet rise came and I cast to it. The response was so quick that I struck harder than is my wont and the fly remained with my friend and he in his native element.

In drenching rain I walked up to the junction of the two streams intending not to fish further, but a persistent rising fish in the deep still water caused me to break my resolution. At the 3rd cast I was into him and after a poor tussle a lean and hungry fish of 12 inches was on the bank and knocked on the head lest he pollute by his degenerate blood the gallant strain indigenous to the Dove, a river beloved not only by present day fishermen, but loved also by that complete angler and father of all fishermen, Izaak Walton, who fished its streams some 300 years ago.

And so, pleasantly tired, to dinner and bed at that old fashioned hostelry, contemporary with and named after the great fisherman, where in the oak beamed smoking room the incidents of the day will be recited and listened to by other brothers of the angle. Little did we reck that the rain which had slackened at nightfall would continue through the night and put an end to trout fishing for that present year of grace. Rather my thought was one of gratitude for a day full of interest, and that there were three more days of fishing before me, while in my dreams that night I saw old Izaak clothed in antique garb and heard him say, "We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did and so if I might be judge, God did never make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.'"

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Arms Failures in Bush and Field

(Continued from page 611)

swelling neck, thick coat and beautiful antlers! Three or four steps took him into a slight depression and as he came majestically out, I thought, "Shall I stop him or shoot now while he is moving?" Then in a flash I thought, "No, he is too close, he'll run at any sound." I wanted him badly and was going to "pot" him if possible. Then he stopped and I could hear him breathe, just a low "sniff, sniff," while his ears flicked back and forth.

Making heroic efforts to control my excitement, I held the wobbling sights on his broad shoulder and pressed the trigger. There was a loud "snap," a sharp flinch on my part and that buck was looking directly at me through the now thin screen of briers. With mad haste I pumped that rifle and shot as the big chap gathered for his spring. A sharp report! A wild leap and a fleeting glimpse of a "flag" held close! The sound of a crash down the mountain and silence!

Forty yards below I found him dead, his ten-point antlers gleaming white in the dusk.

Had I killed him at the first attempt my conscience would have needed some salving, but somehow it did not seem so bad after he had received the warning click of the hammer and the noise of the action. He was a crafty old buck but at last his craft had failed.

Later that night we discussed the failure of my rifle to discharge and the conclusion we finally reached was that after I had fired the last shot at the lumber camp I had worked the mechanism just enough to cock the rifle but had pushed the spent cartridge back into the chamber. I found two empty cartridges where I stood when the big fellow came to his doom.

Dr. Royden E. Tull, of Rockford, Ills., promised me at the League convention that he would contribute another boyhood reminiscence to this department. Every reader of the magazine since Volume 1, Number 1, will remember Dr. Tull's delightful rabbit story, the first published in this contest. The Doctor entitles this entry "The Minus Seven League Boots."

THE MINUS SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS

AS I look back, now, upon youthful days spent on the Father of Waters, I am confident that I knew, without being conscious of the fact, what a wonderful place it was for a little boy to grow up in, and often wonder if those who were born, lived and died in the one little town had any conception of the beauties and enchantments of their environment. It is scarcely possible that they did, for theirs was a continual struggle for sustenance in a small, quiet town where there was little money, and that hardly come by. It is true that there was no poverty, but it is also true that there was little wealth. The River, however, was an inexhaustable store of fish and fowl which provided many a meal that, in these days, would be a banquet, and cost, for one person at a modern hotel, a sum far in excess of what was then the weekly expenditure for an entire family.

The outstanding memory of those times is of the great flocks of ducks that fed in the swamps and loafed on the main stream of the river each Spring and Fall. What a flurry there was in the Spring when the ice first began to move and the hunters, in the effort to be first at the best shooting points, pushed and poled their way between the tightly packed floes, some of which were many acres in extent, and capable, in an unwary moment, of crushing the frail skiff with fatal speed!

Nothing was more natural than for the sons of those hunters to imitate their sires, and play at duck shooting, longing, the while, for the time when they, too, could array themselves in canvas coat, hip-boots, and the other paraphernalia of the market-hunter, pack gun, decoys, tent, food, etc., into the skiff and start out. Little wonder, I say, that we should lose tiny feet and legs in father's big boots, unobserved shoulder the enormous gun and hike ourselves to the RIVER. (I always think of it in capitals.)

Opposite our little town was a large island, and in this island was a fair-sized lake called Little Goose Pond. After the Spring rise had gone down there was left a great mud flat extending from one side of the pond to the river. This had to be crossed in order to reach the place most commonly used by the ducks, as the pond could not be entered with a skiff from the river.

I do not know if my parents were more lenient than most, or if it was the inherent love for solitude that has followed me through life, but the fact remains that I had my own boat at an early age and was permitted to take gun and boots and boat nearly every evening after school that father was not using the gun himself. It is also true that I invariably went alone. From many of these excursions I have returned with four or five large, fat greenheads—a day's good shooting now.

That was before the day of the easily procured paper shells, and father always loaded the brass shells for his old "Bonehill" breech-loader himself. It was a ten gauge, too. Father was after GAME. The brass shells were corroded from years of service. When that gun exploded, the man opposite the business end always knew that something had happened.

This particular day I was at my favorite pursuit. The picture is of a boy of about thirteen, small for his age, his father's hip-boots on feet that scarcely filled the heel. The legs of the boots were fully extended, but were much wrinkled from the shortness of the space they had to cover, the weighty gun was on his shoulder, and he was making heavy weather of the attempt to wade through a field of thin, sticky mud about six inches deep in the shallowest places.

About half way across, the whistle of wings meant that a flock was coming in, and as the hunter was in plain sight, and as it was near the end of the season with only a few birds remaining, this was possibly the only chance of a shot for the day.

The boy was facing the line of flight, the ducks were coming fast, the gun was heavy and a true aim hard to get. The birds were almost directly overhead before the trigger was pulled. In some way both barrels were exploded at once. The terrific recoil was too much for the already over-strained equilibrium, and one small boy was immediately stretched at full length, almost lost in a sea of sticky mud—very muddy mud. After a painful excavation in which it was necessary to crawl out of the boots before an upright position could be resumed, not a feather was found.

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God's Country

(Continued from page 591)

comrade—waiting for the sun. For me, it had individualized itself from among all the other flowers in the forest. And now, when I was about to go, I saw that the flower itself had about lived the span of its life; in a very short time it would fade and die. On the morning I left, the petals were drooping, and its tiny face did not look up at the sun and at me as brightly as before, and I fancied that I could hear its little voice saying, "Please take me with you." And I did. Call it foolish and trivial sentiment if you will, but the flower and I went together, and afterward I wrote a novel and called it "Flower of the North."

Sentiment does not play a large part in the world to-day. For sentiment, as that word is understood by the millions, is the heart and soul of all that is good and great. Without sentiment in the hearts of a man and a woman, there cannot be the fullness of real love between them, even though the law has made them man and wife. Without sentiment, no good act is ever done from the heart out. Without sentiment—a sentiment that warms the soul as a fire warms a cold room—there will never be a deep and comforting faith. I have seen this "co-operation of rational power and moral feeling" make plain faces beautiful, and I have seen the lack of it make others hard as rock. Selfishness, egoism, the desire to get everything possible out of life, no matter at what expense to others, is its antithesis.

As I write these last pages, I have at hand facts which seem to show that sentiment, and therefore faith, is as nearly dead as it has ever been. For science in all the great nations of the earth is planning and plotting frantically for the extermination of their fellow men, and this, in the hour when all the world is crying out for a faith, is what is being achieved:

Deadly gases that will make gunpowder and the rifles anachronisms, that in the next war will depopulate whole regions, men, women, and little children alike.

Perfection of the lethal ray, which will shrivel up and paralyze human beings over vast areas, irrespective of whether they are combatants or not.

Development of plans for "germ-warfare," whereby whole nations will be infected by plagues.

And then consider the words of one great military scientist of the English-speaking race: "Germ-warfare was tried on a small scale in the late war, and its results have been promising. The method of its use was in the poisoning of water supplies with cholera and typhus germs, and the loosing of dogs inoculated with rabies and of women inoculated with syphilis into the enemy country. **Here apparently is a promising beginning from which vast developments are to be hoped for."**

A promising beginning—vast developments expected for the future—typhus—rabies—the commercial breeding of diseased women.

Yes; the world is crying aloud for a great faith, even as it smashes itself into moral fragments on the rocks of its own egoism and its own selfishness. But there has come a rent in its armor, and as it commits crimes and plans for still greater crimes, it also begins to realize its colossal wickedness. And in its terror it shrieks aloud for a manifestation of the Divine Power. It demands proof.

And again I say that the proof is so near that the world looks over its head—and does not see it. Not until man's egoism crumbles will he understand. For ghosts will not come back from the dead to quiet his frenzies, nor will angels descend from out of the heavens. The Divine Power is too great and all-encompassing for that. God, speaking of that Power as God, is not a trickster. He is not a mountebank. He is not a lawyer arguing his case. He is Life. And this Life That Never Dies has no favorites. Such is my humble faith.

A long time has passed since I wrote these pages. All day the countryside has lain in that sleepy, golden shimmer that is the pulse of Indian summer. The nights are touched with frost. There is glory in the warmth of the sun.

I am in a little valley that I love—Sleepy Hollow, I call it. The farmhouse is old and unpainted, and it has stood on its stone foundation for almost a century. The barn is sagging in the middle, and between the barn and the house is an old well that a long-dead grandfather rigged when the timber in the hollow knew the howl of wolves and the screech of bobcats. Crowding close up to the back of the old house is an orchard of apple and cherry trees, so old they could tell many an interesting story if they could talk.

And all about the sides and the front of the house are great trees—a huge cottonwood, and ancient oaks from which the Indians may have shot squirrels with their bows and arrows two hundred years ago. The "woman of the house" has been in an invalid's chair for years, and the husband does little but care for her. Therefore Life has crept up and almost inundated the place. The grass grows high and uncut. Wild flowers bloom in the yard. Quail come to feed with the chickens. And beyond this, all about, is the whisper of corn fields in growing-time, the ripples of fields of wheat and oats and rye, the music of the mowing-machine and the lowing of cattle. In this little old house of Sleepy Hollow, there is a woman who has not walked for years, and who will never walk again; and there is a little man with a great fierce mustache who watches her tenderly, and who knows that he must go on watching her until the end of her time—and yet in this house there is happiness, and also **a great faith.** And nature seems to rejoice in that faith. Birds build their nests under the porches. There is melody in the trees. At night, crickets sing in the long grass under the open windows, and the whippoorwills come and perch on the roof under the old sycamore.

Here are suffering—and peace; few of the riches of man, but an unlimited wealth of contentment and faith. These two, prisoned to the end of their days, have found what all the world is seeking. The little old house of the hollow, even with its tragedy, is glad. And life has made it so, the understanding of life, the voice and living presence of life as it whispers about me now in the golden sheen of Indian summer.

And its whisper seems to be, "Men are seeking me, reaching out for me, crying for me—yet they do not find me. They are looking far, and I am very near—so far that they look over and beyond me when I am waiting at their feet. When at last they see me, and understand, then will they have discovered the greatest of all treasures—Faith!"

(The End)

THE WILL

By Charles Lounsberry

1. I GIVE TO GOOD FATHERS AND MOTHERS, in trust, for their children, all good words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of the children shall require.
2. I LEAVE TO CHILDREN EXCLUSIVELY, but only for the term of their childhood, all the flowers of the field and blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against the thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks, and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in in a thousand ways, and the night, and the moon, and the train of the milky way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.
3. I DEVISE TO BOYS JOINTLY all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all the streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all the meadows, with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof; the woods, with their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds and echoes and strange noises, and all the distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all the pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance whatsoever.
4. TO ALL LOVERS I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorne, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.
5. TO YOUNG MEN, jointly, I devise and give all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.
6. AND TO THOSE WHO ARE NO LONGER CHILDREN, OR YOUTHS, OR LOVERS, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare, and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully, without title or diminution.
7. TO OUR LOVED ONES WITH SNOWY CROWNS, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children, until they fall asleep.

It Is Important That YOU Read Cover Editorial

Emerson Hough, American

(Continued from page 613)

and guard against. Again, as an heir of our past he lifted up his voice in protest against unrestricted immigration, and again he made himself heard in the land and in Congress.

Though a man of wide reading, Mr. Hough could not find in all the clutter of centuries any history so fascinating, so inspiring or so full of color and romance as our own. Even his private conversation would drift into the past and light up with vivid references to the bold spirits of the Revolution, the hardihood of the early settlers, the exploits of the old trail makers, the daring of the Indian fighters, the hardships of the Oregon Trail or the roistering, hair-trigger life of the frontier. Waking, he wrote and talked about America; sleeping, he dreamed of her.

The great ambition of Mr. Hough's life was to win a commission in the United States Army. During the war that ambition was gratified; but the prize lost half its glamour when he found that his superiors could not be wheedled into sending to France volunteers of sixty, even though they had the heart and stomach of three-and-twenty. His lesser wish was respected and he was buried with full military honors under the flag that meant so much to him.

The personality of a gallant gentleman will keep green the memory of Emerson Hough in the hearts of his friends; and certain crags and buttes and peaks will be his monuments, more lasting than those that are built by men.

The Mut and the Prince

(Continued from page 595)

left the stable door open, the better to find his way about the darkened building. All was so quiet that the squeaking of a rat in the loft overhead was plainly heard. It was awesome and grewsome. The Prince needed companionship to maintain his courage—he needed a dog, and so in the magic world in which he lived, he produced a dog and in stern voice called to it: "Come here Sir, come here I say, you bad dog, where have you been?"

The Pup was lying under the stable door, awaking from his dream, and heard the call of the Prince—a human voice seeking to reprimand, but unable to hide the quality of affection.

Struggling to his feet, staggering through his weakness, the Pup looked through the stable door with longing, wistful eyes, head slanted to one side, ears aloft and inquisitive, to see with doubting eyes the Prince of his dreams —Man-boy, his master, champion and friend.

The Prince, with a gasp of delight, blind to the ugliness of the Pup, with a sob in his throat and with hands outstretched, called: "Puppy, oh Puppy, be My Dog." And the Pup, with instinct directing, tottered to his Prince, licked the hands and arms of his Prince as they gathered him in, and real boy and real dog met and sealed, with wet tongue and moist eyes, the eternal friendship between Boy and Dog—that is truly of God.

"Vel"—of the Honor Roll

To Nan and Vel of "The Silent Places"

IT seems to me that all of my life I have been dreaming of a "Li'l Cabin O' Logs, Valley O' God" and only too seldom has this dream come true.

"The Girl Who Wintered in the Woods" makes that dream beautifully realistic in her letters to "The Outdoor Woman"—God bless her!

And Vel, fine specimen of police dog, her single hearted, fearless, faithful companion, belongs in the Honor Roll of Dogs. I am particularly pleased that I should be permitted to publish his picture in this department.

—TRAVERS D. CARMAN.

The Editor of the Dogs, Game Birds and Sportsmen department announces a

Dog and Camera
PRIZE CONTEST

No guns may be carried when photographs for this contest are taken.

The contest is open and will close on November 1.

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Send photographs and information to The Editor of "Dogs, Game Birds and Sportsmen" care of the I. W. L. Monthly.

The prizes will be awarded by three judges whose names will be announced in the next issue of the monthly.

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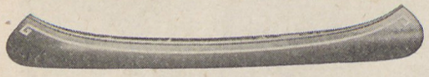

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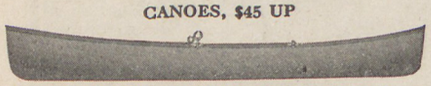

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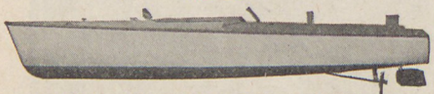

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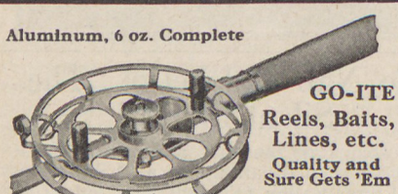

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Protect the Forests

(Continued from page 574)

causes untold damage. A cigarette will burn down to its last grain of tobacco as will a dry cigar. Lying there in the weeds, leaves or duff it is merely a matter of time before it springs to flame, especially in a season of drouth.

Added to the above as the menace that constantly waits upon the forest is the man who intentionally sets a fire, and the locomotive that throws sparks which fall and light the blare. Often, too, lightning striking a tinder-dry tree will set it aflame. Strange, and yet it is, nevertheless, true.

The forest fire is never a local burden and menace. It is met with here, there and everywhere throughout the country. Millions of people enter the woods of the United States every year. Each can be an agent of destruction. Many are. Hence it is necessary to keep constant watch over those forests so that they may be saved for the good of the country and handed over to posterity as the one greatest heritage. Fire wardens now keep an eye on their respective districts wherever they be, often from the tops of great steel towers that have replaced the wooden structures of years ago. Often these towers are from fifty to eighty feet in height. They have each a room at the top seven feet square provided with a so-called "visibility" map and a range finder. Through his glasses the ranger can spot a fire miles away. There is a telephone handy, the wire leading to a valley below, to the office of the district fire warden. He is told accurately where the fire has been located. At once the district warden "gets busy" and collects such men the village offers and is away to the scene of destruction. There are times when, a half hour or an hour after a fire has been spotted it has been put out, just so swiftly do all parties concerned work at their respective tasks. The telephone has proved to be the happy medium whereby word can be passed on down from the highest mountain top to the valley below or the most out-of-the-way nook in our northern woods to the help that will prove the saving of hundreds upon thousands of trees and probably many lives. All manner of means of conveyance is used by the fire rangers, sometimes the horse, sometimes the auto, sometimes (as in Northern Minnesota) the canoe; and sometimes, too, the aeroplane which has lately come into use quite extensively in the Forest Service. And, too, it must not be forgotten that the radio will prove its value as a means of communication, and may, indeed, take the place of the telephone.

To guard the forests against fires men have carried steel towers, piece by piece, up the sides of steep mountains, on their backs—up places where horses cannot go. Towers weighing four to five tons. Men have risked their lives, have trenched, back-fired and pounded the red-tongued demon into submission. Some have died at their posts and their corpses, charred beyond recognition, have told how they had one life each to give and they gave it in the cause of the forests.

Canadian Salmon Rivers

(Continued from page 575)

On many of the rivers of Canada the trout are carefully preserved for the reason that it is supposed that if the local inhabitants are allowed good trout fishing in the summer they will be more inclined to spare the salmon.

In some of the rivers of the North Shore the salmon fishing has been greatly improved by the systematic netting of the trout.

Comeau, who was the guardian of the Godbout river for fifty years, says in his book:*

"One of the worst enemies of the salmon is, in my opinion, the trout. Doubtless in making this statement I shall arouse the ire of a great many trout anglers, who very naturally wish to see their favorite protected.

"It is no uncommon thing to get a small trout on the fly when salmon fishing and to find a parr in its stomach about half its size. Trout were unmercifully netted and seined during the period the Hudson Bay Company had the monopoly of our northern rivers, and to this fact, perhaps, we can ascribe the continued supply of salmon in spite of the excessive netting. Experiences and observations go to prove that one cannot have an abundance of trout on a salmon river without the latter suffering.

"Prior to 1876 no salmon had ever been killed on the Trinity River with a fly. In July of that year I spent a week on it and killed two salmon and a few grilse and enough trout to fill three and a half barrels. The following year Judge Henry was induced to lease it and killed eight salmon, and the task of reducing the trout was begun. Three or four hundred of these would sometimes be taken in one haul of the net in one pool. With the diminished number of trout the salmon score kept increasing. The river changed hands but the warfare continued. The present score is now and has been for several years past, about two hundred on the average per season" (1902).

I have a great respect for trout fishing and for trout, but I do not believe it is at all necessary that they should be over-indulged in so rich and expensive a diet as salmon.

When you consider that the parr have to contend with the depredations of the kingfishers, sheldrakes, loons, ospreys and eagles, as well as of their enemies in the sea, where they go as smolts, it is a wonder that any succeed in passing the nets and entering the rivers as grilse and full grown salmon.

The Atlantic salmon is a most valuable food fish and its destruction would hurt the gourmets much more than it would the few fortunate anglers who glory in the sport of salmon fishing. I believe there is much that could be done to protect the fish and it is wise to begin by protecting their offspring —the parr.

* "Life and Sport on the North Shore" by Napoleon A. Comeau.

The Colonel

(Continued from page 579)

"I lost the Colonel."

"Lost him, you say?"

"Yep, had him on for nearly an hour, from the upper pool to the landing net in the lower pool, when the fly pulled out."

"Hurrah! Bully for the Colonel!"

"What's that?"

"Yes, Bully for the Colonel! I'm glad he got away. You say he gave you nearly an hour's battle. Well, what more do you want? What pleasure would it have been to have killed him?"

"Well, I'll be d——. I never thought of that before. You are right, old girl. You're a better sportsman than I am, come to think of it, I wouldn't kill the Colonel for a hundred dollars. The place wouldn't be the same without him."

So that evening the fishermen were called together. The story was told, and it was agreed by all that should any of us ever get the Colonel as far as the landing net he was not to be taken from the water, but the fly was to be carefully removed and with proper ceremony he was to be returned to his home under the split boulder at the head of the run.

That's why he'll never be taken from the pool, my friend.

You'll find him there the latter part of next September, too, and "Say (whisper) he may rise to another floater, but you must put him back if he does."

It Is Important That YOU Read Cover Editorial

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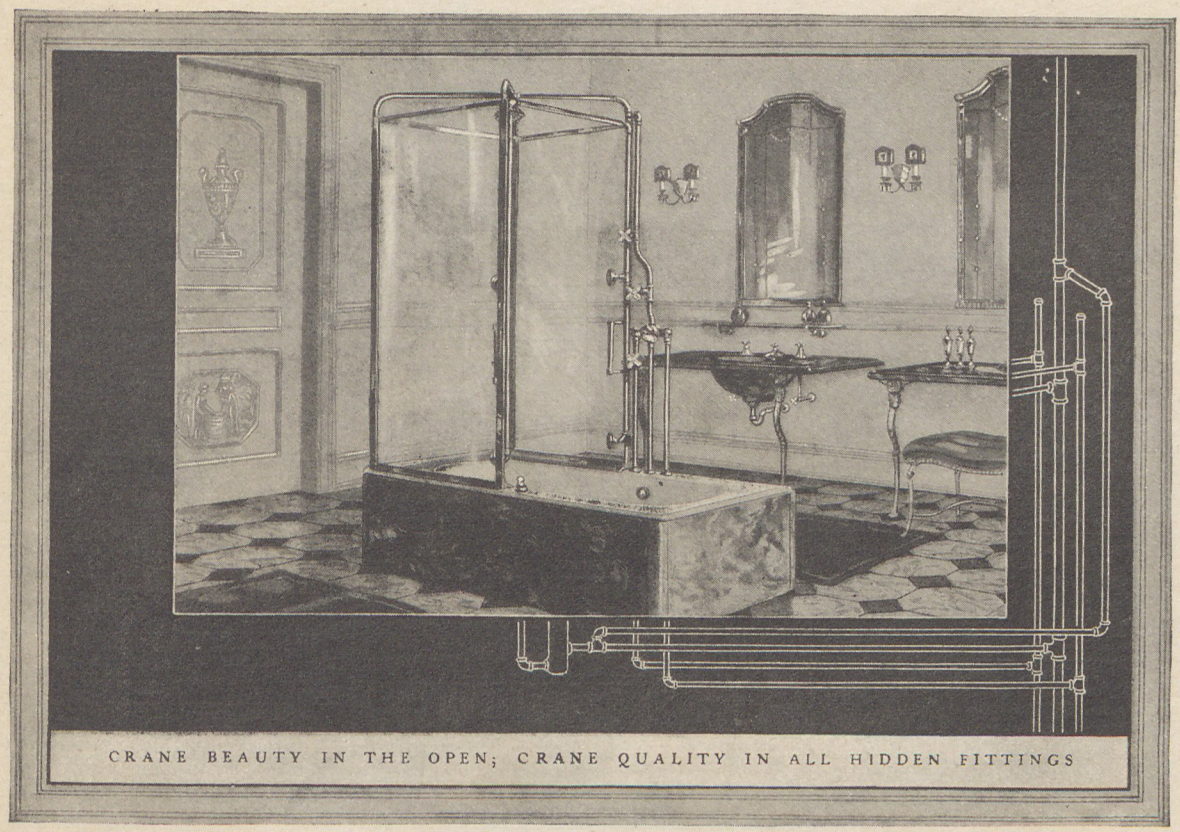

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Crane long turn elbow with cleanout

Our Outdoor Calendar

(Continued from page 599)

griping thumb and forefinger-knuckle, the fretful angle-worm? Are you aware that the swine can and do run like a deer? All this may be news to those whose acquaintance with angle-worms begins and ends with the creature aimlessly squirming in the clod cast up by the shovel. But take him at night, when you have a lantern, and he has his fleet, bare, glistening red self stretched out on the garden path within easy reach of his hole—and lo, a new worm is this, a purposeful, speedy, and most wise and wary worm! An incautious footfall, and—Zip! he's down his hole like a flash. But you tiptoe after the next one espied, imitating as closely as possible the movie star creeping up to stab the heroine. You arrive, breathless, and kneel over him, ever so gently. You practice the snatch, in midair, with thumb and forefinger-knuckle. Then you pounce; aiming a foot astern of his collar—for he always shoots backward for his hole—and most likely a pinch of dust or of grass is your reward. Mr. Nightwalker has vanished!

But an expert formist can pick up a pailful of them, in an evening spent with a lantern in garden and lawn. There are times when bass like nothing better than good, fat, juicy bunches of angle-worms draped on a hook; and, if fly fishing, you can cast him, securely hooked through his collar with a bit of thread to help. In fact one of the compensations for the inactivity enforced by bait-fishing for bass is the gusto of this very active sport of securing the bait beforehand. For a large fat man, the capture of an infinitesimal but agile froglet an inch and a half high is to be recommended. My friend, Bob Davis, is such a fat man, but astonishingly expert in his snatch. His tuck-up, too, speaking technically of frogging, is a thing to be regarded with respect,—the way he manages to compress that large paunch and that pair of fat knees into the cramped space required to enable Bob to reach around it all and snatch a frog with his hand at all. It is a precarious position, too, for the swing of the arm after the leaping froggarene is apt to capsize the froggist headlong over his heels into a puddle of scum—as Bob managed to achieve at the last snatch for a frog I ever saw his make. However, as I caught none at all and he had a pailful (which I borrowed later) I am forced to conclude that there is something mysteriously taking in the way of a fat man with a frog.

Helgramites and crawfish, too; there are days when their majesties the black bass will take nothing else. They are bored with frogs, and they loathe plugs and flies. You then seek a shallow brawling stream and pitch into the delights of bait-catching, as a prelude to bait-casting. Helgramites and crawfish are agile nippers, so the wise will not grab for them blindly in muddy waters. Instead you raise the large rock slowly and carefully (it is surprising how little it weighs in the water) and set it off at one side. The detritus and mud raised quickly scours out in the rush of the stream and you have clear water again. Down at the bottom of the depression left by the rock you will perceive two or more brownish objects almost the color of the rocks. They may be the small fresh-water lobsters known as crawfish, which can dart backward with the speed of a trout, or they may be those many-legged and nippered insects known as helgramites. In either case they are armed, so snatch behind the ears and transfer to pail quickly, so that all may be well with you.

It is all these accessories and side-shows and secondary interests that go to make up the sum of delight of bass fishing. It is done amid unsurpassed scenery, at the two times of day, sunrise and sunset, when Nature is in her most glorious moods. It is done with an art and a skill which forever shut out the dub and the lazy and incurious wight who has no real interest in Nature in him, or he would be ambitious enough to practice the ardent days and weeks requisite to make a good bait or fly caster. It sets the hook into the gamiest fresh water fish that swims, one that always gives satisfaction because of his weight and sturdiness, whose pugnacity is without end and strategy without equal; the fish of the vast bulk of the country's lakes and rivers, the poor man's fish, the camper's fish, the Nature-lover's fish—what a blessing he is to our outdoors!

The fact that he lives in a lake, where he can be hunted down to the last bass, the fact that he lives in warm-water rivers, flowing through populous sections where all the people can enjoy angling for him, would seem to make it a matter of course that this fish should be the one of all others most sedulously propagated and protected. Instead he has been the most neglected, up to very recently. His rivers have been polluted until he can no longer breed or live in them; in his lakes the remorseless process of exterminating him by catching every last one and putting no new ones back has gone on until most of our lakes all over the country are almost fished out; and as if that were not enough, the native, who ought to know better, seines and dynamites these same lakes after the summer anglers are gone or before they come, so that there are positively none left.

It would all be incredible, if it were not so typically American. If the English had such a fish as our bass they would have conserved him so that there would be sport in every river on the island. We, following the usual trend of democracy, where everybody's business is no one's business, have let the bass die out as a game fish, taking care of himself as best he could against the combined forces of pollution, seining, dynamiting, unrestricted catch-limit, unwise open seasons having little regard for spawning times—and no planting of any new bass at all.

Five years ago we heard that expected knell, The End of the White Pine. Five years from now will sound another knell, the End of the Yellow Pine. I tell you, respected Reader, we are due to hear yet another and a not at all pleasant knell, right soon. The End of the Black Bass, the Nation's Game Fish. If this League does no more than take the black bass under its wing and prevent its extermination, it will have done a service to the country for which the next generation will honor it forever. That one fish:—How much of innocent pleasure, of incentive to go to the woods and get acquainted with Nature, of training in sportsmanship and manliness for our boys, will go out of this country forever if the black bass goes!

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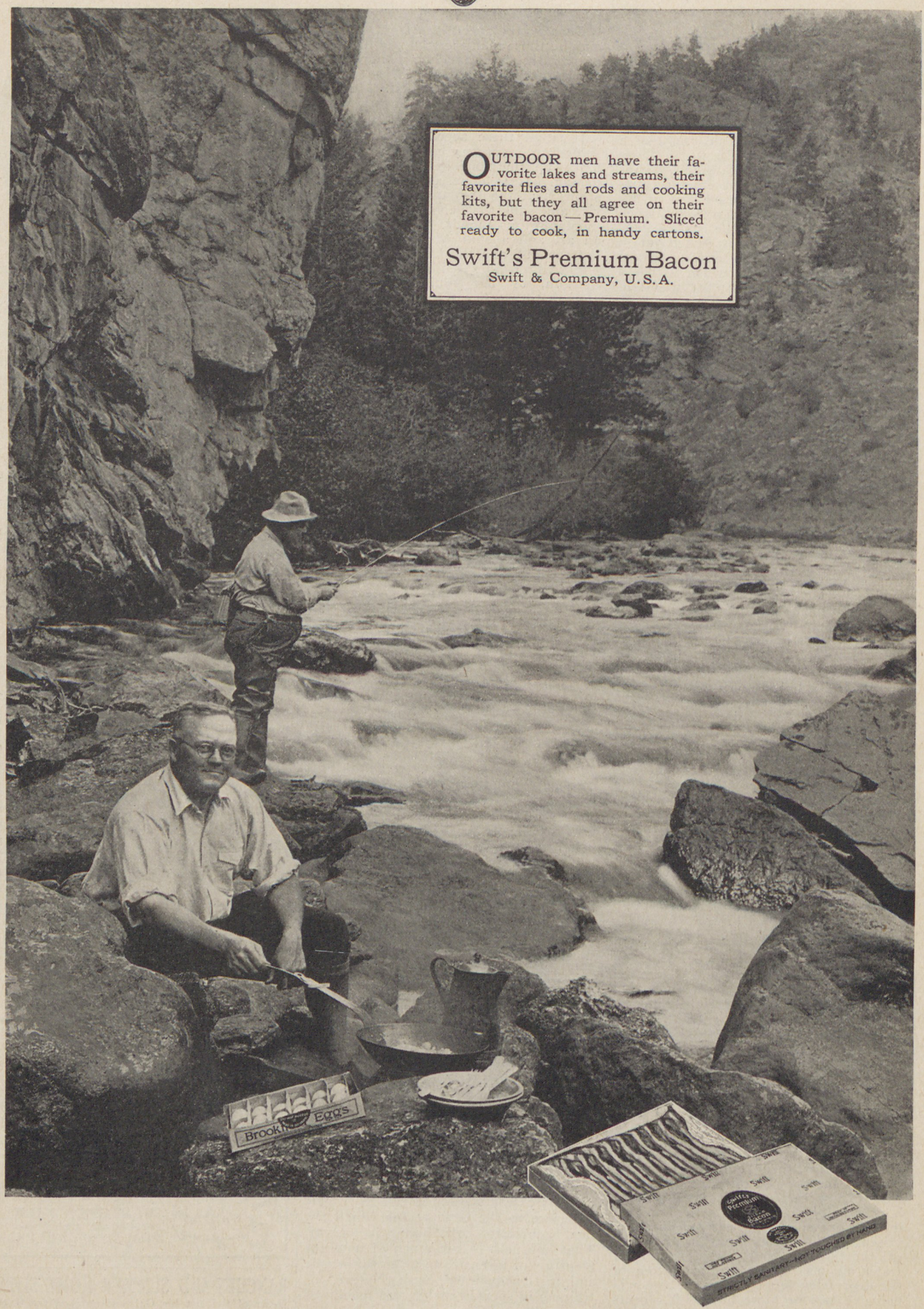
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STRICTLY SANITARY—NOT TOUCHED BY HAND

Water Temperatures

(Continued from page 580)

From a series of yearly charts, which it is hoped to obtain and check against each other, many present mysteries may be brought nearer to solution. The increase of croakers over a term of years on the New Jersey beaches, coincidentally with a decrease in weakfish; the presence of black drum, a spring fish, until well along in August; the almost total absence of channel bass for a few years; the disappearance of sheepshead; the failure of the blues to come to the beaches while offshore in great numbers; the marked scarcity of menhaden for two or three years and their sudden reappearance in vast shoals; their presence toward Cape Cod one season and on the Carolina coast the following year.

It is coming into the angler's mind that the fish of the sea move independently of man's calendar and geography, and that by looking to the thermometer, the salinometer and most probably to the photometer, he may find his solutions.

The reader is warned to make no unwarranted deductions from the chart. It does not profess to represent the whole of the natural hatching range, but merely those temperatures at and between which certain successes have been obtained when artificial propagation has been attempted.

If, however, we can get a set of habitat ranges laid down in something like that form, we shall have points from which to reason in accounting for the presence and absence of fish in given waters. And shall we not be able to perceive some of the actual workings of Nature's own conservation laws? For example, refer to the hatching ranges of the herring, the pollock, the haddock and the cod and regard them as the whole habitat ranges of these fishes. The picture then becomes most interesting. It will be recognized at once that while the cod may prey upon the herring in temperatures between 38 and 43, the haddock may prey between 37 and 41 and the pollock between 43 and 49, yet the herring has but to run into water of 50 or between 37 and 33 to find sanctuary against all of them. On the other hand, we perceive that Nature carefully conserves the welfare of all three of the raiding species by including their ranges within that of the fecund herring, and thus providing them with a plentiful stock upon which to feed.

The suggestion is a natural law operating reciprocally—and that is true conservation.

The average sportsman has done rather little to pay for his shot at the game of the sea, much less than he has done with regard to fresh water fishing. Here is an opportunity quite within his reach to contribute his mite to science by making his club a point for physical observation of the big fish pond.

A possibility lying somewhat beyond these observations is the allurement of searching out the determining factors, not only of the waters which come into the Cape Cod-Hatteras bight, but all along the American coast from Newfoundland south! It is not unthinkable that Nature expresses these factors in the ceaseless battle waged between the Gulf Stream and the Labrador Current at the tail of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. If these factors can be read in the water temperatures of that locality six months in advance of the arrival of the same water in lower latitudes, predictions of good or bad fishing seasons for both the industry and the sportsman are within reach, as well as the same advance notice of warm or cool summers and mild or rough winters.

Such benefits will reach all industries, in the coastal regions at least, which depend upon general weather conditions.

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Not 30 Hours Away
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If you want real sport this summer let us help you make your plans now.
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Montreal, Canada

Moreland on the Upper River

(Continued from page 594)

Clyde Randall gave the Victory all her engines had in them and shot up current, with all lights going full blast, as darkness was fast settling down along the river.

"I guess those two bass will hold my friend Strong for a while," Moreland said, and as he said it he laughed boyishly.

Soon Clyde returned with the launch, and it was no more than made ready for the night when Nate Ward arrived with a note, and as he handed it to Bill Pohlman he said grimly, "I'll wait for an answer."

Moreland read the note aloud:

"If you caught the big one—I guess you win, but your four-pound and two-ounce fish won't bring home the bacon.

Sincerely,
Walter Strong."

Moreland sat down and wrote:

"The big one is not mine, but I took the other one.

Sincerely,
John Moreland."

Now the battle was on with a vengeance. John Moreland was in the lead by three ounces and a four-pound two-ounce fish is a hard fish to beat, as Walter Strong and the crew of the Winner fully realized. Woe unto the vanquished was the all pervading spirit on board both "The Winner" and "The Victory." No two armies ever faced each other with more of the do or die spirit than did the two rival camps.

(To be continued in August)

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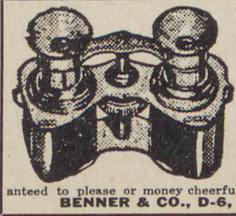
Removal Notice

On August first, owing to the necessity for more space, the Headquarters of the League will move to 536 Lake Shore Drive.



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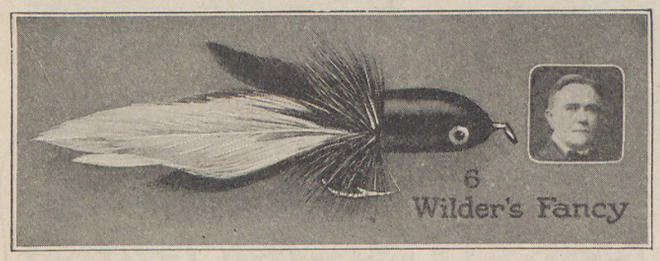
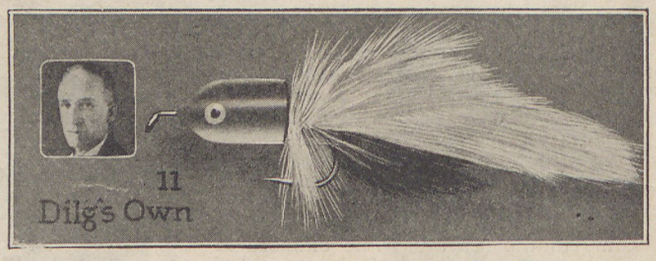
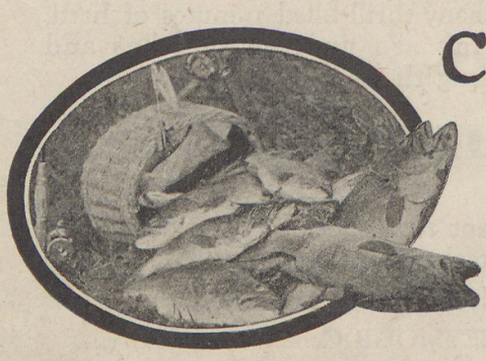
BENNER & CO., D-6, TRENTON, N. J.

Enjoy Fly Casting for Bass





The Heddon-tied Wilder-Dilg Cork Bodied Feather Lures



THIS is the wonder lure, imitating the action of a *wounded* minnow, that last year swept the country with its wildfire success in fly casting for Bass and Northern Pike. Never in our history of bait making have we received such unanimity of report as on certain qualities developed by this lure. Literally hundreds of letters emphasize the same points of extraordinary success in supposedly "fished out" waters, unaccountable vigor and smashing violence of strikes, the gamy fighting qualities and proportion of landed strikes brought out by its single hook effectiveness.

And not only that, contrary to all experience with bass flies of ordinary pattern, the catches ran uniformly to both *greater numbers* and *record breaking size* of fish.

Even if you are not a fly caster, the privilege of using this bait alone makes it worth your time and patience to take up this sporting phase of angling.

And as for the old timers—you'll find Wilder-Dilg's in practically every kit.

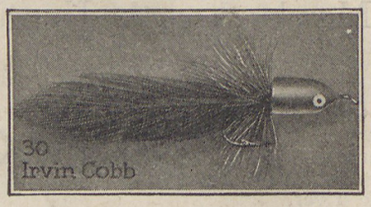
THE Wilder-Dilg lure is made up from a light enameled cork body, brilliant eyes, a ruff of various colored hackle and fin-and-body-feathers that impart the curious rolling, dipping and surface-seeking throes of a *wounded minnow*, together with a single non-twisting hook of correct shape and size.

These patterns, constructed and tied by Heddon, are the only authorized version of the inventors, Mr. B. F. Wilder and Mr. Will H. Dilg, and are the only designs wholly carrying out their scientific and practical principles.

Bass Size in 12 patterns, including both standard and original effects. Length 3¼ inches. No. 1 O'Shaughnessy hook.

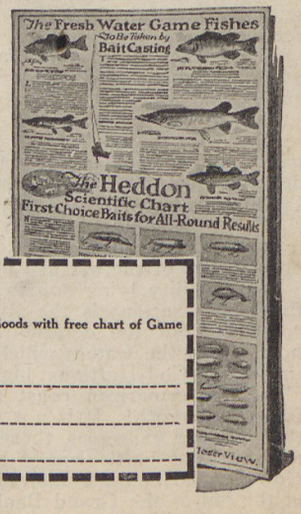
Trout Size in 6 patterns, length 2 inches over all. No. 6 O'Shaughnessy hook.

Either Size—each 75 cents



Now in Trout Size

In answer to insistent demand, exquisite Heddon craftsmanship has now produced the same design and *wounded, rolling* principle in dainty miniature size for trout. These lures are indescribably attractive in color and wholly unique in tempting action and effectiveness.



Free Booklet and Color Sheet show all patterns in full detail and correct colors, together with the inventors' fascinating story of the experiments and results which led up to these marvels of luring and hooking certainty. Your copy is Free.

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